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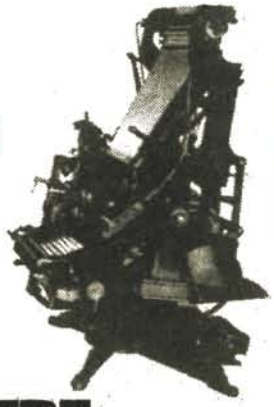

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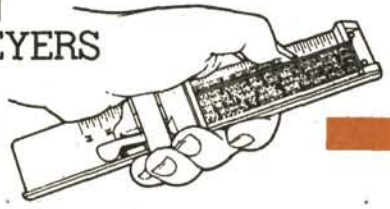

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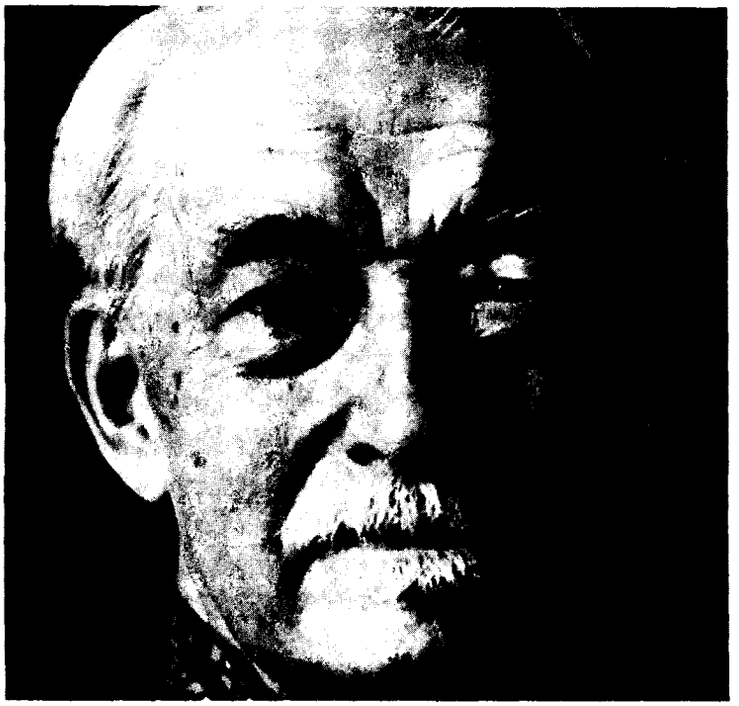

Jacques Maritain: Homage In Words and Pictures

John Howard Griffin and Yves Simon

John Howard Griffin, author of *Black Like Me* and *The Visual World of Thomas Merton*, first met the Maritains in France as the result of their mutual friendship with the French poet Pierre Reverdy. When Griffin regained the sight he had lost due to war injuries, his camera and diary notes recorded their continuing visits and the unguarded moments of the eminent philosopher. The best of these photographs and the most touching of remembrances are combined with Simon's synopsis in words to form this unique memorial. The photographs include Maritain at his home in Princeton; with Griffin's family at Fort Worth, Texas; with Thomas Merton at Gethsemani; and the last days of the philosopher at his retreat in Toulouse. A fine introduction with some historic importance and, in its own way, a work of literary and visual art.

Seventy-five 8½" x 11" pages, 30 sepia duotones. LC 73-85056/ISBN 0-87343-046-8. $12.95

"Simon reflects on Maritain's contributions to many branches of philosophy, and Griffin portrays in reverential portraits and words, the final edges of the aged and gentle life. A handsome memorial, in sepia on cream paper." *Booklist*

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Shortly after Raïssa Maritain's death from cerebral thrombosis in 1960, her grief-stricken husband, Jacques Maritain, began to go through her papers. Among them he found a set of journals Raïssa had kept over the 54 years of their life together. Jacques knew that she kept diaries, just as he did, but he had no idea of their true nature until he read them after her death.

The journals so overwhelmed him that he had a selection published in a small private edition for their friends. Jacques asked each recipient to help him decide whether or not these intimate pages should be made public through a regular book edition.

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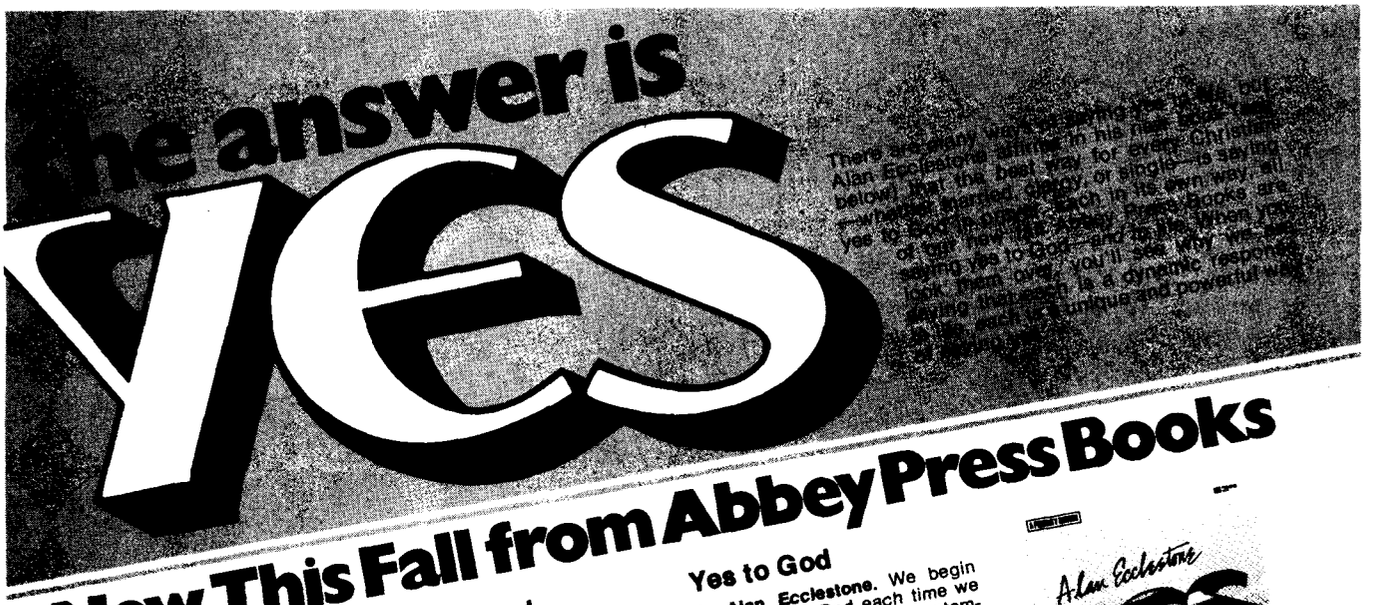

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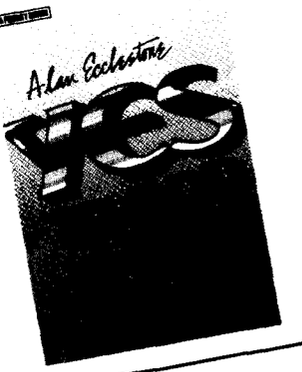

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By Anton Grabner-Haider. A reassuring book from an unexpected source. The author of those letters is a laicized priest who is acutely aware of losing his own vocation. His main purpose in writing, however, is to encourage and strengthen the resolve of his young friend to remain in the priesthood. A ringing affirmation of the value of the priest as a living sign of the Gospel in today's world. **Paperback. No. 20142. $1.50.** *Ready Now.*

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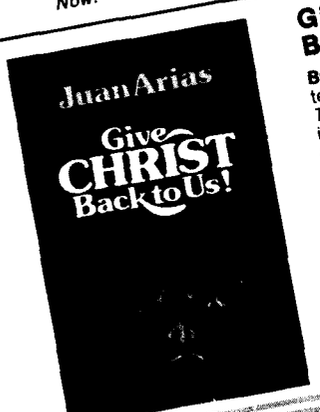

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NEWS & VIEWS

Abolishing Hunger

Bread for the World, a Christian citizens' movement in the U.S. concerned about hunger worldwide, is sponsoring an "offering of letters" in the churches this November in support of a resolution recently introduced in the Congress which would fix as a "cornerstone of U.S. policy" the right of every person in the world to a nutritionally adequate diet.

The resolution — House Concurrent Resolution 393; Senate Concurrent Resolution 66—would not be legally binding on the country, but in the opinion of its promoters it does cut new ground and lay the foundation for a long-range program. They believe passage of the resolution could be a major turning point for the nation.

Bread for the World seeks to put together an avalanche of letters—not form letters, but personal letters, addressed and stamped—that will impress on Congress the popular concern felt for the estimated 460 million people, almost half of them children, who suffer from acute malnutrition around the globe, and for the millions more who are seriously deficient of proteins or other essential nutrients.

The basic strategy is to invite Christians to "contribute" a letter(s) as an act of worship, "an offering of their citizenship," on one of the last three Sundays of November. Denominational response to date indicates that a substantive result is likely.

The resolution in Congress has four resolves, as follows:

"That it is the sense of the Senate/House that . . .

"(1) Every person in this country and throughout the world has the right to food—the right to a nutritionally adequate diet—and that this right is henceforth to be recognized as a cornerstone of U.S. policy; and

"(2) This policy become a fundamental point of reference in the formation of legislation and administrative decisions in areas such as trade, assistance, monetary reform, military spending and all other matters that bear on hunger; and

"(3) Concerning hunger in the United States we seek to enroll on food assistance programs all who are in need, to improve those programs to insure that recipients receive an adequate diet, and to attain full employment and a floor of economic decency for everyone; and

"(4) Concerning g l o b a l hunger this country increase its assistance for self-help development among the world's poorest people, especially in countries most seriously affected by hunger, with particular emphasis on increasing food production among the rural poor; and that development assistance and food assistance, including assistance given through private, voluntary agencies, increase over a period of years until such assistance has reached the target of one percent of our total national production (GNP)."

A New Review

It is pleasant to be able to break into the litany of expiring religious journals with some news about one being born.

Debuting this fall is the *Religious Studies Review*, a quarterly devoted solely to reviewing and bibliography in the field of religion and related disciplines. It is being published by the Council on the Study of Religion.

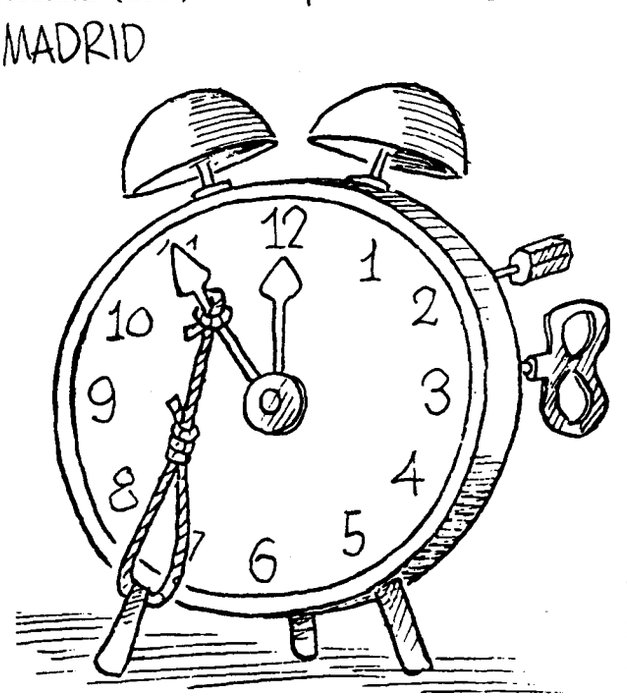
Volume 1, Number 1, a 64-page issue, itemizes objectives.

Religious Studies Review will deal with works of major significance, often from more than one angle of vision. (The lead piece in the inaugural issue is John F. Wilson's review of the reviews of Sydney Ahlstrom's *A Religious History of the American People* — what John Leonard calls "Macdonaldizing.")

RSR also offers brief, critical assessments of new titles, and will seek to contribute to interdisciplinary study and communication by publishing annually the list of dissertations completed within the previous year, as compiled by the Council on Graduate Studies in Religion. If there is sufficient interest and accurate data can be obtained, *RSR* may likewise publish titles of dissertations in progress.

Managing editor Harold Remus views the new journal not as rivaling, but as complementing existing publications. Subscription monies and advertising revenues will constitute the basic income. The subscription is $6 a year for members of societies belonging to the Council on the Study of Religion; $10 for others, including institutions.

Address is: Council on the Study of Religion, Wilfrid Laurier University, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, N2L 3C5.



BAS/ROTHCO

Keeping a Stiff Elbow

Is anyone holding the line against the sexual revolution? Yup. The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States. Gulp.

It recently reaffirmed its 1936 stand that ads should not include "copy or illustrations which are sexually titillating or which imply any link between drinking and sexual success; nor should any advertisement contain any demonstration of affection in such a way as to suggest sexual involvement between those portrayed."

Asked the *New York Times*: Is a handshake O.K.?

Odds and Ends

—The way of bishops and Buckleys: In Portland, Me., the retired Bishop of West Missouri acted against his own resolution at the annual meeting of the Episcopal House of Bishops because, he said, it "doesn't have the chance of a snowball in a hot place"; in New York City, Bill Buckley's radio station returned to its old letters (WNCN) and classical music (after a nine-month rock affair) with the Resurrection section of the Bach B Minor Mass . . . the section, it was noted, that follows the Crucifixion.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Christian Socialism

Bronx, N.Y.

To the Editors: As a former member of the Jesuit Social Center in Santiago de Chile (I spent 12 years there), I wish to make three comments on Gary MacEoin's article, "Chile's Silent Church" [July 18]:

(1) When Graham Greene, as a guest of the late President Salvador Allende, spoke to the Izquierda Cristiana, he identified himself as a man of the Christian Left, saying that he was looking for "socialism with a human face." One need not be anti-capitalistic or Marxist to join in this search. People such as Greene want a clear ceiling on the acquisitive spirit and the Faustian rewards of market-type societies but they do not want it at any price. Despite my admiration for Gonzalo Arroyo, S.J. and my long-standing friendship, I reject the statement that Marxism, implicit in the platform of "Christians for Socialism," is objective and scientific. Gary MacEoin does not make it clear whether he agrees with the point he quotes and regards as important. The "Christians for Socialism" never impressed me as being as willing to examine the historical record of socialism as it was to "unmask" the total human costs of capitalism.

(2) Any chronicle of the Church in Chile in the past decade must not overlook the work of the Christian Democrats and Eduardo Frei, who was called a Kerensky for raising the aspirations of the people. The Christian Democrats believed that they would remain in power for many terms of office just as did the Unity Popular coalition of Allende. The late and courageous editor of the influential monthly, *Mensaje*, Hernan Larrain, S.J. helped to get Allende elected by his statement on TV and in a written editorial that it was unobjectionable for a Christian to vote for a Marxist. (This would be like *America* magazine saying in 1976 —if Wallace were an independent

(Continued on page 510)

NEWS & VIEWS: 484 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 485
EDITORIAL: 485
WASHINGTON REPORT: School Busing—A Detour: *Sisyphus* 486
FIVE CANDIDATES IN SEARCH OF A NOMINATION: *John C. Cort* 487
MR. DOOLEY AND SHUTTLING SOCIALISM: *Peter Steinfels* 489
JACQUES RIVIERE: THE HEART'S REASONS REVISITED: *Warren R. Carlin* 490
SAINT-JOHN PERSE: POET-DIPLOMAT: *Patrick Samway* 492
A NEW EXISTENTIAL VOICE: *Eleanor B. Wymard* 495
PRESS: Cry Wolfe: *Thomas Powers* 497
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 499
VERSE: *Leo Kelley* 496
THE TRIUMPH OF TECHNIQUE: *Mark Taylor* 500
THE BELLOW-ING OF THE CULTURE: *Daniel Stern* 502
BOOKS: *John B. Breslin, Philip Terzian, John R. Dedek, Jeffrey Meyers:* 504

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POSTAL DISSERVICE

It is now official. New postal rate increases will go into effect on December 28, and a 30 percent increase in first-class mail will be slapped on people, along with comparable increases for other forms of mail. Deferred—but perhaps only temporarily—is a Postal Service scheme to close 12,000 rural post offices in the interests of economy and alleged efficiency. Thus the Postal Service moves further down the road of private-market enterprise, measuring everything by profitability, real or prospective, and further away from traditional mail-service ideals of quickening communications and contacts between all for whom a postal service should exist: people, institutions and country.

Commonweal, like so many other publications whose fates are directly linked to economical second-class postal rates, has an axe to grind, of course, in deploring the constantly escalating mail rates and the further limitations of service, Yet there are other stakes involved besides those of a journal's self-interest, and it is these which reinforce the conclusion that a monumental mistake was made with the act of 1970 establishing the United States Postal Service as a semi-independent corporation aimed at becoming self-sustaining. When the mailing of a letter becomes a matter of serious expense for any part of the population, as distinct from an indifferent expenditure, then the Postal Service is not *service* in the social sense that it should be. It is business—and one, regrettably, that imposes its heaviest burdens on those who can least afford the profitability mentality.

Recently, the House of Representatives voted tentatively to return to Congress fiscal control over the U.S. Postal Service, by adopting an amendment that would force the Postal Service to return to Congress each year for authorization and appropriation of its operating funds. Whether the amendment will make it all the way into law is a matter of conjecture; the distress felt by millions over the higher rates and lower efficiency of the

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Postal Service is obviously not shared strongly by some with franking privileges and whose mail gets priority handling.

Our problem with the amendment is that it does not go nearly far enough; the amendment, for instance, does not affect the management of the Postal Service. We would much prefer to see the Postal Service returned to direct Congressional control. This won't eliminate problems, but it would get the postal system back from those ignorant of national traditions and social needs.

WASHINGTON REPORT

SCHOOL BUSING—A DETOUR

A significant shift has developed within the Senate in its attitude toward busing of public school children for purposes of racial integration.

For several years, the Senate, in keeping with George Washington's venerable analogy, has been the saucer in which has cooled the hot tea of actions by the House of Representatives. In this instance, the House has been approving anti-busing legislation by increasingly large majorities.

But late last month, during debate over a House-approved appropriation bill, a slim majority, that in the past has diluted or killed-off House amendments, dissolved. Conversely, a slim majority materialized in support of an amendment to prohibit the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) from using its (federal, i.e.) funds for assigning students to schools because of race.

The approved amendment applies only to the HEW Department's administrative actions in favor of busing—*not* to desegregation orders issued by the federal courts.

The Senate's actions reflected at least two important elements. First, unlike in past years, the bill sent to the Senate by the House contained no anti-busing amendment. The Senate, therefore, was not, as in past years, responding to any action of the House on the busing issue. Second, at least eight Northern Senators with liberal credentials swung over to support the anti-busing amendment added by the Senate. Among them were Senators Mansfield, the Majority Leader, Eagleton, Magnuson, Nelson and Symington. Later, a few of the eight reversed their position on subsequent efforts by pro-busing Senators, led by Senator Brooke of Massachusetts, to strike or render meaningless the amendment. But their change of position did not alter the outcome. The essentials of the amendment remained as part of the big fund bill approved after several days of debate.

Historically, in Senate terms, the approval of the anti-busing amendment recalls the first defection several years ago by a Northern Senator with impeccable liberal credentials—Senator Ribicoff of Connecticut. He broke ranks to insist publicly that school desegregation standards should apply nationwide to all school districts in the North as well as in the South. The North, Ribicoff said in opposing busing, stands "guilty of monumental hypocrisy" if it insists on what he regarded as a double-standard—one for Mississippi public schools and another for Minnesota's.

As school desegregation orders began to be issued in recent years against urban school districts in the North, Senate colleagues of Ribicoff began to waver. By last December, a patently unconstitutional amendment against busing was defeated in the Senate by only a handful of votes.

Then came the turn-around last month put into motion by the youngest Senator, 32-year-old Joe Biden of Delaware, who offered the amendment.

Subsequently, an article in the *Washington Post* said: "If only a conservative, like Richard Nixon, could open the door to China (in 1972), perhaps only a liberal like Joe Biden can slam the door on busing."

Civil rights lobbyists, standing outside the Senate chamber, were startled at the development—first, when the anti-busing amendment was approved and, subsequently, when efforts to delete or render meaningless the amendment failed. School busing is a main objective of theirs and, as the *Post* has described it, support for busing is a litmus test of who's "liberal" and who's "conservative" in racial matters.

The Senate's action, while conclusive in terms of a slim majority now able to be assembled against busing, is not conclusive in terms of the omnibus health-education-and-welfare appropriation bill itself, to which the anti-busing amendment was added—as well as another one put forward by the Majority Whip, Senator Robert Byrd. The Senate and the House must confer to resolve their differences over non-busing provisions of the big bill. Assuming a compromise is reached, that, in turn, is subject to approval by the full House and Senate. And, if that occurs, the bill would be forwarded to President Ford, who may veto it. A veto is possible; not because of the anti-busing provisions, of course—the President opposes busing—but because the amount of the funds approved is expected to be far higher than he will find acceptable. And back would come the vetoed bill, anti-busing provisions and all, for the Congress to be given an opportunity to override the veto.

Nevertheless, the woods shouldn't be overlooked for the trees—whatever the fate of the bill itself. The Con-

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gress now appears to be at point that a majority of its members are willing to *publicly* acknowledge their opposition to administratively ordered busing. This will encourage segregationist-minded members of Congress to renew their efforts to prohibit by law or by Constitutional amendment school busing. And this poses a problem, both logical and political, for Northern Senators who last month voted for the Biden amendment. Basically, they believe school busing is a bankrupt policy—a bus is not a classroom—but they express reluctance to continue to keep company with those of their colleagues who oppose busing for what might be called more personal reasons and who will try to end busing altogether.

Yet, the new Northern converts among busing opponents, in general terms, do not believe the public school system should bear the brunt of what busing in a broad sense is intended to do—affirmatively integrate society among the school-age population. Reassigning blacks from lousy schools in the Roxbury section of Boston, where they live, to lousy schools a few miles away in white (and hostile) South Boston—and vice versa—doesn't solve much. This is a point editors for the *Boston Globe*, living in more prosperous suburbs of Boston, don't seem to understand. Many blacks, including the California State Superintendent of Schools Reis, oppose busing. These say their numbers are increasing. They, and many with credentials earned in the civil-rights field, believe discriminatory housing patterns, basic to school enrollment make-up, should have been the objective undertaken 20 or more years ago. And, that, even now, school discrimination can't be solved unless housing discrimination is lessened first.

But, Senator Brooke and his colleagues in the Senate who tried unsuccessfully last month to fight off the anti-busing amendments, should not be ignored. They concede busing is not the most desirable course, but it is possible to achieve successfully—if parents and school administrators would cooperate, and members of Congress would not argue against busing in the context of the worst possible consequences of busing. Moreover, school busing in the 1970s has become an intangible symbol—a rallying point for the really discriminated against. And if that is set aside, demoralization and, even turmoil can not fail to set in. It's the best of what's available as a social tool—or the most that political leaders are willing to undertake. Noble thoughts, Sunday sermons and Marches on Washington will no longer suffice, they point out. Pledges by anti-racist, but anti-busing, forces to work to achieve more funds to improve ghetto schools haven't worked in the past, and in an economy now generating budget-cutting at a state and municipal level, won't work now.

There's no conclusive answer. The situation has the making of a tragedy—not the clash of right and wrong, but the clash of two rights, the stuff of which history, and great plays, are made. SISYPHUS

Five Candidates In Search Of a Nomination

Five candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination recently appeared in Springfield, Mass., before 1800 people who paid five dollars apiece for the privilege of hearing them speak and answer questions. The meeting was the second of five regional conferences sponsored by Americans for Democratic Action and several progressive unions. The crowd came from New York and New England. The following are some impressions by an observer who had never seen any but Shriver before. In order of their appearance:

Fred Harris, former Senator from Oklahoma: Stocky, jowly, Middle American in look and style. If you didn't know what George Wallace looked and sounded like and somebody said, "That's George Wallace," you could believe him. But not for long. A smart lawyer with a Phi Beta Kappa key, his full-throated blasts at the rich and powerful carry far more intelligence, sincerity and statistical research than ever marked the Alabama rabblerouser. Harris supporters in crowd the most enthusiastic. Gets warm response to his call for a basic redistribution of income, wealth and power.

Quotes: "Get the rich off welfare and put the country back to work. . . We should stop doing business with every dictator who can afford a pair of sunglasses. . . We must help those poor people in the southern hemisphere who have less to eat than we feed our cats and dogs. . . We don't have to worry about whether the people are more progressive than we are—we'd better get out there and keep up with them."

Weak point: says he can get votes of many former Wallace supporters on the economic issues, a remark that makes some sense but calls attention to his silence, until recently, on Wallace himself.

Jimmy Carter, former governor of Georgia: smooth Southern gentleman with pleasant smile, conservative in economics, but liberal (for a Southerner) in civil rights, humanitarian issues, and foreign policy. Two black members of audience assure me his record in Georgia was pretty good. His lack of oratorical skill or fire make him a poor bet to challenge Wallace in Southern primaries.

Kind of quote that turns me off: "Our economic system is just as strong as ever. We've just lost our

(Continued on page 488)

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ability, somehow or another, to work together. Somehow or another we've lost our faith in each other." Kind of quote that turns me on (re CIA): "This country must never again get involved in trying to determine who shall be the leaders of other countries."

Morris Udall, Congressman from Arizona: Tall, distinguished, Lincolnesque. Good speaker. Judging from strength of applause at end as compared with beginning, seems to have made the most converts. Only one to use Opening Joke Ploy: "A lady told Adlai Stevenson after one of his speeches, 'Governor, you hit it on the nose with all thinking people.' Stevenson replied, 'That's not enough. I need a majority.' " Good joke, good laugh, but Harris would never tell that one. Too elitist. Watch it, Mo—remember what happened to Adlai. Udall leans heavily on his excellent record and leadership as a liberal in Congress. Volunteers flatly that he won't run on same ticket with Wallace or support a Wallace ticket. Otherwise he makes strong pitch for uniting party around old Roosevelt coalition: "We need everybody —Southern moderates, labor, liberals, big city mayors." Looks like he may have best chance of getting them. Would support legislation putting employes and consumers on corporate boards of directors.

Weak point: confesses, when questioned, that he voted for right-to-work provision of Taft-Hartley Act (permitting states to pass no-union-security laws) even though he was publicly on record as opposed to such laws. His excuse: it was impossible to get elected in Arizona if he did not. Says that AFL-CIO's Al Barkan (COPE director) assured him he is "acceptable to organized labor" anyway.

Birch Bayh, Senator from Indiana: Youngish, clean-cut, progressive, unexciting. After one hour my notebook is still looking for one memorable sentence, statement or impression. When asked how he would deal with inflation, his answer: "We should disregard inflation until we get unemployment down to 5 or 6 percent." Come to think, that's a memorable statement, but I don't care for the memory.

Sargent Shriver, Democratic candidate for vice-president in 1972, former director of Peace Corps and Office of Economic Opportunity: Charming, confident, optimistic. Audience tired and hungry by now and thinning out. He starts off cold but warms them up and then cools them off by volunteering nonchalantly that he has been representing Gulf Oil as an attorney in Russia. Nevertheless manages to come across as pro-poor and anti-big business, largely on strength of his experience in, and genuine commitment to, the War on Poverty.

Similarities and differences: All candidates favor federal welfare system, at least in funding. Shriver for negative income tax, minimum income. All for federal energy corporation and public power except Carter. All but Carter attack President Ford for turning tin ear to New York City's cries for help. Udall and Shriver use almost the same words as Harris: "It's strange that we can bail out Lockheed and Penn Central, give billions to the oil companies and still let a great city like New York go down the drain." All candidates express unwillingness to push constitutional amendment repealing Supreme Court decision on abortion, despite presence of anti-abortion picket line in front of hall. All favor plugging tax loopholes for rich, further tax cuts for non-rich to stimulate economy, reduce unemployment. All for interest rates to promote construction. Harris and Udall for price controls on monopoly or "concentrated" industries. (Udall: "Maybe wage controls later when workers have had chance to catch up with cost of living"), Shriver for price controls on oil and food.

Conclusions: During a break I run into a friend who is working for Harris and I say, "Harris looks good, but Udall looks more like a president." He says, "Muskie looked like a president too." I have to admit he's right. But Udall is no Muskie. He's brighter, and more gutsy, even with the Taft-Hartley vote. He came out against Vietnam in 1967, long before it was popular in Arizona. On the other hand, Harris is the only one who is challenging capitalism head on. Folksy Oklahoma twang and all, he strikes me as even brighter than Udall. I suspect Udall will get the nomination, but I resolve to vote for Harris in the primary. And I predict that one or the other will be our next president, and a good one. I think we can forget about Humphrey, Muskie, Kennedy and Ford. And Harris may be right: maybe the people out there are doing more thinking than Stevenson gave them credit for, are more progressive than we effete liberals give them credit for. As proof Harris referred to the Peter Hart poll funded by the People's Bicentennial Commission. He didn't add that the poll indicates that two-thirds of our people want to replace capitalism with a system under which employes own and control their own companies. That could be the seed-bed of another American revolution if our leaders have the sense and courage to plant and reap it.

JOHN C. CORT

(John C. Cort has worked for labor groups and anti-poverty agencies.).

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MR. DOOLEY & SHUTTLING SOCIALISM

PETER STEINFELS

"Well, I see be th' pa-apers," said my friend Martin Dooley imitating his great-granduncle and namesake back in the Sixth Ward, "that Yale University has established a graduate school of socialism."

"Socialism?" Hennessy leaned further over the bar and looked doubtful.

"Oh, they won't be calling it that," replied Mr. Dooley. "It's to be known as the Graduate School of Organization and Management, but it's all the same anyway, and you won't hear a peep from Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., Yale '50."

"Thank God and man for that," said Hennessy.

"A bit frisky this evening, eh Hennessy? No, what gets Mr. Bill Buckley's vocabulary up is *creeping* socialism. That's the kind which threatens to give stiffs like you and me some undeserved and corrupting benefit, such as free medicine, thereby undermining the foundations of liberty, religion and the local drug store. Creeping socialism is what do-gooders, bleeding hearts, panty-waists, bureaucrats, and knife-between-the-teeth-red-radical-sex-and-drug-crazed nihilists are always trying to put over on the upstanding working people and the honest but dumb youth of the nation." Mr. Dooley lifted a rather ungenerous beer stein from the soapy water, dipped it into the rinse, twisted it hard with his towel, and deposited it in some unknown place beneath the bar.

"Now what Yale has in mind is not creeping socialism. It's *shuttling* socialism. You have to get up early in the morning to see shuttling socialism committed, Hennessy. That's when all the weary executives trudge to the airport in the backs of their limousines, and catch the shuttle flight to Washington. There they line up. 'Can you spare a $250 million loan guarantee?' asks Mr. Lockheed, removing the silver begging cup from his alligator hide attaché case. 'A subsidy of $180 million for me?' chimes in Mr. TWA. 'The cost of fuel is going up, you know.' 'Don't you dare nationalize the railroads!' shouts Mr. Railroad Association. 'That would be creeping socialism! However, it is the government's patriotic duty to take over all the passenger lines that aren't making money, to fix up the tracks, scrub the lavatories, and guarantee us a five percent profit.' 'We're strangling in government regulations,' says Mr. Mobil. 'Get rid of them, will you? Just make sure we don't have to pay taxes like everybody else.'

"And, Hennessy, the government officials look stern and bang their gavels. 'Down with creeping socialism!' they declare. 'Seven billion to the railroads! Restore free enterprise,' they say. 'Half a billion to the ship owners! Preserve private initiative,' they insist. Twenty billion in federal research to the plane manufacturers, the nuclear power industry, A T & T, and agribusiness! Where would we be without the market economy?' they ask. 'Forty-seven cents on the bushel to the grain exporters! Capitalism means taking risks,' they admonish. 'A hundred billion to private industry in loan guarantees!'

"But don't think it's an easy business, this shuttling socialism," said Mr. Dooley. "Take the recent case of a New York shipbuilding outfit. It couldn't carry on without some new bank loans. But the banks said it was a poor risk and in danger of default. So Senator James Buckley, brother of Bill, Yale '50, and no less the fearless foe of creeping socialism, goes to the President. 'Jerry,' says he, 'there is danger of default,' says he, 'and the banks won't cough up,' says he. 'There are thousands of jobs which are going to be lost,' says he. 'Don't you think the federal government can do something?' And Jerry plops down a $40 million loan guarantee and the day is saved and so are the jobs and everyone is happy especially the banks which collect several million a year in interest without taking any risk. That's shuttling socialism.

"Mind you, however, Hennessy, when New York City itself can't carry on without loans and the banks won't cough up because they say default is looming like the World Trade Center, then Senator Jim and President Jerry can't do a thing. To help a public body would be creeping socialism, they say; to help a private one is only the shuttling variety. These are subtle distinctions, Hennessy, and it's no wonder Yale wants to start a school to study them."

"Perhaps," said Hennessy, "when New York City gets reorganized as a private corporation, with the bankers and industrialists in charge instead of the elected officials, and all the voting stock held by the people on Park Avenue and the better lanes in Connecticut, then maybe we can get some shuttling socialism."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Dooley, "but it's even more complicated yet. There's a whole other aspect to this shuttling business. Listen to the way the *New York Times* announced the new game at Old Eli. 'The new graduate school,' said the *Times*, 'is expected to combine the study of business administration and public management techniques—increasingly needed,' said the *Times*, 'by the growing corps of executives who shuttle between jobs in industry and government.' "

"I'm not so sure I like the sound of shuttling socialism," said Hennessy.

"Well, please yourself," said Mr. Dooley. "You can also call it *blurring* socialism or *interfacing* socialism. That's the way Mr. William Henry Donaldson explained it in the *Times*: 'I think,' says Mr. Donaldson, 'the lines between the private and public sectors are blurring more and more,' he says. 'Business,' he says, 'has to interface with government increasingly,' he says, 'and government is more and more involved with business,' he

(Continued on page 510)

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JACQUES RIVIÈRE: THE HEART'S REASONS REVISITED

WARREN R. CARLIN

Like all born seekers, he could never be comfortable or at ease

When Jacques Rivière died, fifty years ago last February, he was only thirty-eight years old. His career as a novelist and literary critic had been interrupted by four long years of war spent for the most part as a prisoner of war in Germany. If he has never received much recognition outside of France, it may just possibly be because his influence on French letters was never that of a model to be followed, never that of a stylistic or psychological innovator, but rather that of a discoverer, of one who focused the light of his own intelligence on the works of the great writers of his time and, through his encouragement and remarkable insights, succeeded in bringing these works before a wider public. The work of the editor and critic generally takes place behind the scenes.

But there was perhaps something else. Jacques Rivière was a convert, and as a convert he proved to be something of an embarrassment to many people. Rationalists felt he had betrayed them by his conversion. Fellow believers often wondered why he seemed so obviously and constantly uncomfortable in his belief. And why did he remain so silent about questions of faith and religion for the last six or seven years of his life? This silence suggested to some that Rivière had lost his faith, to others that he had become satisfied with a certain religious mediocrity while he turned his attention to other, more practical concerns, such as writing, studying, making a living.

What they all generally tended to overlook was that Rivière was, by his very nature, a seeker. And like all born seekers—like Augustine or Pascal, whom he cherished, or even like his fellow countryman from Bordeaux, Michel de Montaigne—Rivière could never be comfortable or at ease. His dynamic sense of curiosity about life and the world, coupled with his unremitting and painfully lucid faculty for self-analysis, would never let him rest. And this is why the real adventures of Jacques Rivière's life took place within him, where the curious gaze of others could not pierce. His was an adventure of the soul.

Rivière's position on the staff of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, first as secretary and later as editor-in-chief, brought him into close association with many of the outstanding literary figures of the early twenties: men like Proust, Gide and Claudel; men, moreover, for whom some form of spiritual unrest was a daily and pressing reality. And they were acutely aware of this same unrest in their friend and colleague. When Rivière died, André Gide wrote of him: "He has left us, left behind his unfinished work, his unrest, to seek beyond the grave an answer to his countless questions."

Shortly after his death Rivière's wife, Isabelle, published selections from her husband's notebooks, a collection of remarks, meditations, prayers, written during the four years Rivière had spent as a prisoner of war. And with that publication, his spiritual unrest, his search for a personal faith, became as it were a matter of public record. The book was called *A la Trace de Dieu*—something like "Tracking down God" or "Hunting for the signs of His presence." Claudel called it "a great book, one destined for a long career of doing good." Whether the book has actually enjoyed that long career seems questionable, but it is undeniably a fascinating document. This is especially true of the second half of the work, consisting of journal-like entries recording,

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over a period of about three years, the spiritual joys, longings and discouragements of a man plunged into an extended period of solitude. Of even greater interest is the recent publication, fifty years after the author's death, of the complete "prison notebooks," with valuable notes and comments by Rivière's son as well as by his late wife. Both the earlier work and these recent notebooks reveal how intimately Rivière's search for God was tied to his never-ending, often painful, search for self.

In this latest edition we have a photograph of Jacques Rivière as a prisoner taken in 1915. He is wearing that flat little fatigue-cap of the 220th regiment. The large brass buttons of his coat seem very prominent; the collar is a little too large. At first glance his face appears expressionless, tight-lipped, perhaps even a bit surly. And then we notice the eyes. They are looking off into some vague distance, slightly to the right, as if impatient to see, to recognize something not quite visible. They give an over-all impression of restlessness, of searching that seems somehow at odds with his otherwise youthful and stolid appearance. This is the face of the restless seeker, whose one overriding passion was for truth, and for whom the war and his long internment seemed to come as if from the hand of Providence.

His conversion had occurred in 1913, not long before his mobilization. He considered himself therefore a believer, although he was distressingly uneasy with the traditional orthodoxy of Christian belief. Things like the nature of sanctity, the direction of Christian social thought, Providence, and the role played by the person of Jesus in the life of the believer were among the problems he felt required more serious study . . . if he were ever to find the time. In addition there was what he called his "temptation"—a hopeless, strangely intellectual love affair with the wife of his publisher. By the time he left for the front, he had given up any intention of pursuing this affair and left in writing a full explanation for his wife to be read in the event he did not return. But this passion continued to plague him and he felt he needed time to analyze it and, through analysis, to purge himself completely of it. What he needed, actually, was some sort of retreat. "Withdrawal," he wrote, "that is perhaps the most important movement we can make in the search for truth. Don't force things, don't stubbornly plunge ahead, but step back a bit until the right path reveals itself." In August, 1914, he was led away in a long line of prisoners taken in the woods around Verdun, and it marked for him the beginning of a four-year retreat.

Once the daily routine was established within the camp at Koenigsbrück, Jacques Rivière allowed himself to assume an increasingly important role in the life of his fellow prisoners. Morale, he felt, would be a problem. Consequently he organized a regular discussion group to counteract the danger of intellectual stagnation. Politics, psychology and religion were among the subjects discussed, and a number of Rivière's own outlines for these discussions appear in the first part of *A la Trace de Dieu*. He even intended using some of these outlines as the framework for an apology of Christianity to be written sometime after the war. It was a project, of course, which never materialized. In addition to organizing the discussion group, Rivière acted as interpreter between the Germans and his fellow prisoners and created a weekly news service consisting of translations from German newspapers. Twice he was punished for serious breaches of camp discipline: once when he helped a Russian prisoner to escape, and once when he himself succeeded in escaping from the camp but was recaptured before reaching friendly territory.

What did not necessarily appear on the surface, but is quite clear in the notebooks, is that the prison situation gave a very definite direction to Rivière's inner life. He was increasingly given to meditation and self-scrutiny. His emotional reaction to captivity was a deep sense of humiliation. As a soldier he felt humiliated by having been taken prisoner. When he was punished by short rations or by solitary confinement he suffered the humiliation of the helpless victim manipulated by an all-powerful authority. Even his meditations were painful in this sense, because they made him increasingly aware of the distance separating his actions from his aspirations, what he was from what he felt he ought to be.

And yet, for Rivière, it was a productive humiliation. It was the necessary wound through which the truth could enter. "One fully understands only what one suffers for," he wrote. "The heart must be opened, the way you would open a fruit, so that the mind in turn will be able to open up ideas." Humiliation was a door to understanding. It created a need, a thirst, an openness that cried for satisfaction. Even the day-to-day existence in the camp generated the kind of humility Rivière associated with real evangelical poverty. He wrote that he was convinced the poverty of the Gospels must resemble "something in the kind of life that we are leading here—or rather that we should be leading here: getting packages, and sharing with those who don't have any; knowing that your whole life is in someone else's hands; being totally dependent on others."

Into this wound, then, came God. Rivière experienced God not so much as a comforting presence but rather as the absence of comfort and of certainty. God was the object of man's desire, the reason for his humiliation as well as for his faith. And since man's thirst for the absolute remains necessarily unsatisfied in this life, God assumes for Rivière the status of a vast cosmic

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obstacle—obstacle to peace, to satisfaction, in short to mediocrity and repose. Rivière did not share the religious attitudes of a Paul Claudel for whom God was the final cause in whom mankind finds its rest. For Rivière faith and humility were synonymous: they were both a sort of anguish. In this he resembles the symbolists whom he idolized in his youth, and for whom God was the great defect in the universe. But he went one giant step further: God was indeed an obstacle but he was also, and undeniably, a person. "One thing must be clearly understood," he wrote, "the Christian believes in God, not as you would believe in an idea, in Justice, for instance, or in Freedom or in Reason. But as you believe in a person you know. God, for the Christian, is Someone."

As a person, God has preferences, desires, even disappointments. God is concerned. Rivière was well aware that the philosopher and the theologian would smile indulgently at what they considered a faith too simple and too concrete. "Anthropomorphism, you say? All right! But why shouldn't God be somehow like man, if man was created in the image of God?" Philosophy and theology dealt with ideas, not with people. But true conversion, according to Rivière, was not a simple case of intellectual adherence to a collection of doctrines and rites, it was a meeting, an encounter with Someone. In addition, he claimed, "the whole of Christian morality boils down to this: imitation of a particular being, of a clearly defined person whose habits and tastes you are familiar with."

Familiarity with God was, of course, for Jacques Rivière, a very experiential thing. It was not a cerebral activity, nor did it have much to do with metaphysics. As with most exchanges between persons it was a question of psychology. Whereas metaphysics deals with theory, psychology deals with experience. It is a sort

SAINT-JOHN PERSE: POET-DIPLOMAT

PATRICK SAMWAY

As would be expected in Paris, *Le Monde*, *Le Figaro* and other French newspapers announced on their front pages the death of Saint-John Perse on September 20 at his home in Giens in southern France. Among the many tributes, Robert Sabatier of the *Académie Goncourt* noted that Perse was not only one of the great poets of the 20th century, but that he was often better appreciated outside of France because of the excellent translations of his poetry. It would seem fitting, too, that America should honor this poet who lived a good part of his adult life on the East Coast, married an American citizen, and wrote and first published some of his major poetry while living in the United States.

Perse was born Marie-René Alexis Saint-Léger on the tiny island of Saint-Léger-les-Feuilles in the French West Indies in May, 1887, and lived in that tropical setting, celebrated at times in his poetry, until the family moved to Pau, France, in 1899. Perse studied law at Bordeaux and at 17 published his first poem, *Images à Crusoé*, followed in 1910 by his first major work, *Eloges* (Eulogies). Perse met important literary men of that era, including Claudel, Rivière, Tagore and Valéry, but it was the political life he decided upon; in 1916 he went to work for the French government and, using the name Alexis Léger, he was sent to Peking to assist in the Embassy there.

After more than four years in China, Perse visited the United States in 1921 and within a short time was assigned to Washington as an expert on the Far East. In 1922, Perse was recalled to Paris eventually to become Secretary General of Foreign Affairs. Two years later, he adopted his famous *nom de plume* and published *Anabase* (Anabasis), a long poem about a restless conqueror who desires to build a new city, but ultimately decided to move on towards further explorations. After publication of this poem, Perse put aside his literary activities in order to devote his time and energies completely to his work on the Quai d'Orsay. In 1940, rejected by France for his anti-Hitler sentiments and pursued by the Gestapo, Perse left Europe and sailed first to England, then to the United States where he became a consultant to the Library of Congress at the invitation of Archibald MacLeish.

He never resumed his diplomatic career; he started writing poetry in earnest. In France, Gallimard published much of Perse's mature work, including *Exil* (Exile) in 1942, *Vents* (Winds) in 1946, *Amers* (Seamarks) in 1957, and *Chronique* (Chronicle) in 1959. In 1959, André Malraux presented Perse with the *Grand Prix National des Lettres*, and in 1960 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. Perse continued publishing poetry right up to the last; his speech in Stockholm in 1960 reveals how important he felt poetry is for the contemporary world:

> *Fidèle à son office, qui est l'approfondissement même du mystère de l'homme, la poésie moderne s'engage dans une entreprise dont la poursuite intéresse la pleine intégration de l'homme.*

As Wallace Fowlie, and other critics of French poetry have observed, Perse's poetry shows a perennial solicitude for the details of existence and the occupations of men; the

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of knowledge of people acquired by direct contact, and it necessarily leaves room for the unexplainable. In his essay "The Christian mentality seen from within," he describes this attitude toward God: "You have to encounter all these various kinds of resistance, learn to rely on things that you can't very clearly explain, not even to yourself, find yourself dealing with the dark regions of the soul, and take into account all the possible reactions the soul can have. It's what I call the psychological state of mind."

Rivière was not a mystic. His spiritual vision never goes beyond the concrete, the temporal, the contingent. But he shares with many of the Christian mystics their insistence on the spiritual life as personal experience. We are not surprised to find that during his captivity he read and reread the *Imitation of Christ*. Only his innate respect for the workings of the intellect and his rigorously honest self-reflection kept him from the excesses of voluntarism and religious sentimentality. In this he was quite like Pascal, and he knew it. A notebook entry for November, 1914, affirms that Pascal "is really one of those I'm *fondest* of. What he accomplished is basically what I would like to do: the experience of God, the direct testimony of God's habits and preferences, of His methods, in short of all God's ways in the world."

According to Pascal, man became sensitive to God's presence in the world through the operations of "the heart," a faculty he characterized as being "the instinct for the true." Rivière shares this conviction. He sees the truth as possessing a mysterious power which, very much like electricity, makes us aware of its presence while it escapes our powers of definition. Truth corresponds to experience—not simple experience of the physical senses, but experience of the heart as well, experience of the soul. It may involve apparent con-

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power of his poetry ultimately unfolds a total view of man—of his reality and his union with the universe.

It is precisely here that Americans understand Perse's vision, in seeing and knowing the concrete in the universal. Perse's poetry helps us discover the tremendous range of human activity, much as an anthropologist does, while never losing sight of man's inner depths reaching out to the cosmos. Perse's imagination soars through space, time, and history, in a manner that Americans have tried to express ever since the days of Joel Barlow's *Columbiad*. This quest for the Infinite can be seen, to some extent, in "The Tragediennes Came" section of *Amers*:

> And there was, behind the crowd
> on the shore, this pure grievance
> of another dreamer—this greater
> dream of another art, this great
> dream of another work, and this
> rising, always, of the greatest
> mask at the horizon of men, O
> living Sea of the greatest text!
> . . . You spoke to us of another
> wine of men, and over our debased texts there was suddenly
> that reluctance of the lips which
> all satiety creates,
> And we know now what took
> the life from us, in the middle
> of our strophe.

In all of his major poetry, Perse seemed to be writing an epic of the human soul.

Perhaps the most endearing quality of Perse's poetry for Americans is its specificity, a quality that has given character over the centuries to poetry in the Anglo-Saxon tradition. Perse often juxtaposes precise images, in a lyric crescendo culminating in songs of praise, in order to press and express the richness of his subject. The tenth section of *Anabase* embodies this poetic trait:

> *. . . celui qui rêve d'un poivron;*
> *ou bien encore celui qui mâche*
> *d'une gomme fossile, qui porte*
> *une conque à son oreille, et celui*
> *qui épie le parfum de génie aux*
> *cassures fraîches de la pierre. . . .*

Or as T. S. Eliot translated these words in 1930:

> . . . he who dreams of green
> pepper, or else he who chews
> fossil gum, who lifts a conch to
> his ear, or he who noses the
> phosphorus scent of genius in the
> freshly cracked stone. . . .

Poetry like this defies precise definition which relies on a priori categories of thought. Perse himself was well aware of this. On January 26, 1953, he wrote to Roger Caillois of the *Académie française* and author of the excellent study, *Poétique de St-John Perse* (Gallimard, 1972), that he considered his poetry as evolving in a milieu that is without time or place and one that does not root itself in specific historical events. Above all, his poetry should not be considered autobiography. Poetry, for Perse, is not *cristallisation*, but movement which is in a state of continual expansion.

Thus to approach Perse's poetry, one must do it obliquely, with reverence, questioning, as Paul Claudel did in his review of *Vents* (*Revue de Paris*, November 1949):

> . . . led by the sun against this
> breathing wind, now violent, now
> treacherous, now meditative,
> what was it he was searching for
> on the far side of every barrier,
> what was it he was seeking from
> the reservoirs of the Incommensurable?

The poetry of Saint-John Perse explores new structures of language, of form, of universal archetypes, where the reader finds himself constantly meditating on the basic elements of our universe—sea, wind, rain, birds, time, history, man. It is a poetry that celebrates the human condition, as epitomized in the last line of *Chronique*:

> *Grand âge, nous voici. Prenez*
> *mesure du coeur d'homme.*

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tradictions, difficulties which reason can not dispel. But the whole of human awareness—of "experience"—testifies to its authenticity.

This obviously raises problems of communications since much of experience lies beyond the grasp of logical discourse. Words betray experience, deform it, empty it of its "felt" value. But it is nonetheless real, and if we are intellectually honest, says Rivière, we will recognize it. Human truth must take into account the totality of human experience.

Perhaps it was precisely this difficulty of communicating the truth which fanned the flames of Jacques Rivière's literary interests. He was vitally concerned with symbols, and particularly with verbal symbols. A word is matter, sound, articulation. It is a thing like any other thing. But at the same time it is "charged" with meaning. It can evoke a psychological state, entire moments of the past, a whole universe other than itself. This is at once the power and the mystery of poetry.

Shortly before the war, Rivière had finished a series of articles (later expanded into a book) on the poet Arthur Rimbaud. Among the many remarkable insights he drew from the work of this difficult poet was that, for Rimbaud, the supernatural existed. The poem was witness to its existence. The supernatural, however, was paradoxically mingled with the banality of the everyday world. The tension thus created gives to Rimbaud's life and work that tragic sense of exile and frustration. And Rivière, to be sure, felt this tension in his own life, but he steadfastly refused to resolve it. He demanded of himself—and of art—a two-fold attention, both to things and to the beyond. He especially urged this kind of attention on his close friend, Alain-Fournier, at a time when the latter was hard at work on his novel *The Wanderer*.

"Unhappiness occurs," he wrote in a letter dealing with the apparent opposition between earth and heaven, "because people devote themselves to the one and completely neglect the other." In another letter Rivière tells his friend, "I love that effort . . . to bring everything *down to earth*, so that we can see *right on the ground*, and touch *right on the ground* the mystical adventure." He adds that this effort on the part of the artist to concretize the spiritual implies a great sense of love. This is what attracted him so powerfully to writers like Péguy and Claudel, and led in great measure to his "discovery" of Proust.

That remark about the need for love is actually quite revealing. It shows us that, of all the doctrines of Christian belief, the one that has contributed most to Jacques Rivière's inner vision is the mystery of the Incarnation. In the notion of God becoming man in a context of love we can see, as it were, the dogmatic justification for that vision of a universe where the supernatural is made manifest in the concrete, the spiritual in the material. For Rivière, God is present in his creatures, not only by reason of an incomprehensible act of love on his part, but also in such a way as to solicit an act of loving responsibility from man.

Rivière loved the world; he loved people. His four years of withdrawal spent in prison convinced him that to turn from the world, even for love of God, would be to deny the very intimate and personal nature God had given him. An entry in one of the notebooks for 1915 makes it quite clear: ". . . I feel that I can't make any progress in the love of God except through the love of his creatures. I have a tremendous love for his creatures; and I simply cannot in any way believe that, by it, I'm offending him."

The saint, however, at least in certain traditional circles, was one for whom the world and creatures ceased to be important. Orthodox sanctity involved renunciation of the world. It was a path Rivière knew he could not follow. Sounding like the young St. Augustine, he asks God to spare him the call to abandon the world. "O my God, deliver me from the temptation to be a saint. That is not my kind of work. Be satisfied with a life that is pure, that is patient, and I will do everything in my power to give you that." He goes on to add that he is not the kind of person it takes to make a saint.

We must be careful not to make Jacques Rivière into something he was not. He was not a saint. At any rate, not in the traditional sense of one whose virtue is exercised under heroic conditions. But he was a good man, one who acquired love, patience and a vision of things unseen as a result of a four-year period of trial and separation. His prayer was generous: "Dear God," he asked, "make use of your innocent creature, use this heart which is perhaps blameworthy but without malice. Make it your instrument for something good, whatever it might be."

The burning desire to do good, to be of some positive use to the world was, he said, something "gnawing at my heart," that made him flush with enthusiasm even as he prayed. He emerged from the camp with a deep sense of vocation, of having a job to do before he died. During the last seven years of his life he neither wrote nor spoke publicly of his spiritual adventure. His life was spent between his family and his job. Through his lectures, articles and editorial policy at the NRF he helped both modern writers and modern readers acquire a new understanding of the power of the word. But the reader of the notebooks that he kept during the war cannot help but think that the apparently routine life was only the surface of an unending search.

The passing of fifty years has simply allowed us to appreciate with an increasing sense of gratitude that small self-portrait he gives us toward the end of his captivity: "I am one for whom the inner world exists. And I possess perhaps some of those qualities it takes to make that world *become apparent*."

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A NEW EXISTENTIAL VOICE

ELEANOR B. WYMARD

For Annie Dillard the world is an epiphany

Although Annie Dillard was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* (Harper's Magazine Press, 1974, $8.95), a critic of the stature of Eudora Welty has admitted, "I honestly don't know what she is talking about at . . . times," while Hayden Carruth has called *Pilgrim* a "dangerous book, literally a subversive book, in spite of its attractions."

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek owes its high distinction, however, neither to the Pulitzer Prize nor to a "dangerous" reputation, for Annie Dillard indeed takes evil very seriously. One of her deepest perceptions, in fact, is that modern living robs human beings of the capacity to sense good and evil; in the profoundest way, she often cries out, "My God, what a world. There is no accounting for one second of it."

The fifteen chapters of this prose narrative cover the four seasons of 1972 when Annie Dillard explored a a woods, a waterfall, and a seventeen-foot-wide creek which circle her home in the Roanoke Valley of Virginia. A pilgrim, not a traveler, Dillard meditates on the opacity of existence as revealed in the turbulent dichotomy of woodland life. In the first chapter, "Heaven and Earth in Jest," Dillard remarks that Tinker Creek is a good place to live because "there's a lot to think about. The creeks—Tinker and Carven's—are an active mystery, fresh every minute."

Mystery. While readers and reviewers of *Pilgrim,* even those in "fundamental disagreement," appreciate Dillard's poetic descriptions of her natural world, they generally question how she is able to celebrate an existence which is often senseless and chaotic to her. As readers of *Pilgrim* know, Dillard uses two major metaphors to reflect her concept that beauty and violence are equal parts of the mystery of creation. During her evenings at Tinker Creek, Annie Dillard read avariciously, and she comments at length on Marius Von Senden's *Space and Sight;* she responds strongly and thinks deeply about the case studies reported in this book. ". . . Some do learn to see, especially the young ones. . . . A little girl [once blind, who sees for the first time] visits a garden. 'She is greatly astonished, and can scarcely be persuaded to answer, stands speechless in front of the tree, which she only names on taking hold of it, and then as the tree with the lights in it.' It was for this tree I searched through the peach orchards of summer, in the forests of fall and down winter and spring for years."

While the tree with the lights in it is the epiphany which controls beautiful moments available to anyone open to them, an equally vivid image—that of a giant water bug destroying a frog—controls patterns of violence. "His skin emptied and dropped; his very skull seemed to collapse and settle like a kicked tent. . . . Soon, part of his skin, formless as a pricked balloon, lay in floating folds like bright scum on top of the water. . . . The frog I saw as being sucked by a giant water bug. . . . I couldn't catch my breath."

The pilgrim finds what she seeks; no more and no less. Dillard watches the world of nature seriously because ultimately it reflects the rich complexity of human experience. As her narrative develops, Dillard grows comfortable with ambiguity, accepting the senseless ways of nature while scrupulously describing it. Fidelity to horrible detail makes her celebration of life startling, for her style is so careful of the minute that her theme, in comparison, borders on the irrational. How can one be a believer while portraying honestly the chaotic ways of nature.

To some readers, Dillard's celebration is a pious acceptance of the world simply because God made it; for others, her book has "little reference to life on this planet at this moment." Her view is "essentially passive, not to say evasive" (Carruth). Dillard is exploring, in truth, not merely the woodland of Tinker Creek, but, more profoundly, what it means to be a believer in God. Her courage is revealed in her daring openness toward nature, the dramatic terms by which she recognizes the Divine. The creek itself becomes, for example, the Incarnation:

"I looked up the creek and here it comes, the future being borne aloft as on a winding succession of laden trays. . . . The future is the light on the water. . . . I never merited this grace, that when I face upstream I see the light on the water careening toward me, inevitable, freely. . . . The creek is the one great river. It is, by definition, Christmas, the incarnation. . . . It is the live water and light that bears from undisclosed sources the freshest news, renewed and renewing, world without end."

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The creek as Incarnation is a jolting metaphor which disrupts any stereotyped vision. By forcing the reader to break through clichés, Dillard urges fresh insight into common experiences, for without the "unself-conscious" perception of this pilgrim-poet, even the turbulence of Tinker Creek would have lain dormant.

For Dillard, the world is an epiphany, and the woodlands and waterfalls of Tinker Creek are to be neither ignored nor escaped. The confusion for many readers lies in their misconception that Annie Dillard's terms of existence are mutually exclusive: while believing that one has the choice to accept the world willingly for both its beauty and savagery, she simultaneously claims that there is much about the world that allows no choice. This apparent contradiction is actually paradox. Freedom, for Annie Dillard, lies in choosing the world, not out of pious or pietistic sentimentality, but out of acceptance of one's task to make the world more human by becoming more fully human oneself. The goal of Dillard's work is to make the reader *see,* to hold his eyes open "with toothpicks, with trees." She insists that each person has his own creative capacity to awaken from blindness to a state of perception that discovers the world with new meaning. The problem of celebrating existence lies not in the world, but in man's failure to see with eyes that transfigure.

In a letter to me, Annie Dillard wrote: "Art is my interest, mysticism my message, Christian mysticism." By surrendering to mystery, Dillard accepts the actual world, even though it remains rationally incomprehensible to her. Her mysticism does not bring her to a vision of another world—*de contemptu mundi*—but rather to a new dimension of life where Tinker Creek becomes a holy land of miracles and demons. By insisting that human beings have the visionary capacity to see both the beauty and the violence of the world with new eyes, Dillard is different from the traditional Transcendentalist. Although the "anchor-hold" at Tinker Creek reminds one inevitably of Walden Pond, Dillard is closer to Melville than to Thoreau. Her awareness of both light and darkness is profound. It is impossible, moreover, to abstract a statement from Dillard that involves the pursuit of utopian or reformist goals; her message, simply and totally, is to honor creation and the mystical revelation of God in creation. The paradise of Emerson as Transcendentalist, on the other hand, is a transfigured world, redesigned by the soul in touch with nature who creates an order analogous to that of nature: "So fast will all disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, madhouses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary and shall be no more" (*Nature*). Dillard's focus is not so narrow; restructuring the universe is not for her. Although she does not grow to love the Furies more, she accepts their presence.

Living with nature, then, provides Dillard neither escape from life, nor therapy to return to life, nor programs designed to improve the *status quo.* Rather, Dillard's experience draws her more deeply into the mystery of the human condition, and she reveres it. She desires to nourish and protect the holy land, not simply as an ecologist, but as a wonder-struck pilgrim-poet who honors life as a place where "mystery bumps against mystery," where one must search and strive continually to understand existence. "We must somehow take a wider view," she urges, "look at the whole landscape, really see it and describe what's going on here. Then at least we can wail the right question into the swaddling band of darkness, or, if it comes to that, choir the proper praise."

Dillard witnesses to the existential condition as nature reveals it, begging us to see it with her, for freedom to Annie Dillard lies in acute awareness of the terms of life. She does not intend her hermitage at Tinker Creek to stand as a political statement nor to inspire ethical behavior or social reform. If she has a mission, it is purely that of the Christian artist: to offer new insight into human existence. For Annie Dillard, it is significant to feel nature profoundly, for then she is close to asking the ultimate question about being, and, for her, to do this is everything.

In *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* Annie Dillard reconciles the creative imagination and Christian faith in the Incarnation. She troubles those readers, however, who prefer to interpret her acceptance of the vital tension of existence as the triumph of oversimplification, nostalgia and phony piety. The dialogue will long continue, for Annie Dillard did not begin it. But in an age of disbelief, it is refreshing that the quarrel can even be rekindled.

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LEO KELLEY

TONGUES TO SPEAK THIS

My hands full of the shadows
of imaginary birds, warm there,
soft to me: gentle fractures
of color where the edge of one
bird gives birth to another:
no fabric is so quiet as this
weep, this weaving: and feathers
so small they have no shape:
tongues to speak this, and wind.

Thin wind: my bird wane vanishes in air,
flock of black stars melt in night:

Flap of fire away from here, dense
and without radiance.

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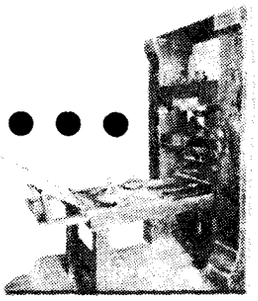
CRY WOLFE

PRESS



Go to the nearest bookstore. Find the table where they stack the new releases. What do you see? Saul Bellow, E. L. Doctorow, Reynolds Price, Richard Yates, L. Woiwode, Peter Mathiessen. Now look at the *New York Times'* bestseller list. What's moving? *Ragtime, Humboldt's Gift*, Jerzy Kosinski's *Cockpit*, Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Also one diet book, one book on how to get your way by intimidating people, one book on taking care of your money, one book on transcendental meditation, one book on how to be physically *perfect*, one book on the last two million years of human history. Now look at the contents pages of *Harper's, Esquire, The Atlantic, et. al.* Politics and pop sociology. Finally, read the *Times,* and *Washington Post* and whatever other local papers come your way. More of the above.

Now ask yourself, Whatever happened to the New Journalism?

Tom Wolfe would write the answer like this :::::::::: Like so much of his punctuation it's very expressive. It means full stop.

In fairness, perhaps that's too many colons. The stop has not been absolutely full. Theodore White's *Breach of Faith* is on the *Times* bestseller list, too, and so are Jimmy Breslin's *How the Good Guys Finally Won* and Nora Ephron's *Crazy Salad*, but White is an Old Journalist if there ever was one, Ephron is funny and smart but not New, and Breslin is plugging along. The New Journalism is not quite as dead as Westbrook Pegler but it is hardly the vital new genre, "the first new direction in American literature in half a century," which Wolfe announced back in February, 1972.

At that time Wolfe declared with his usual verbal energy and charm that the novel was dead and journalism king. He didn't argue that it ought to be; he simply said that it was, as if pointing out to the myopic that the emperor was at the very least down to his underwear. Wolfe was hardly the first to note fiction's labored breathing and feeble pulse but he was the first who offered a plausible alternative and had the talent to back up his claims. Later he supported his case with an anthology called *The New Journalism*. Some of the pieces in it were great, and some not so great, but taken together they had more style, intellectual excitement, emotional force and narrative interest than five years' worth of slick magazine short stories. Wolfe's own *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* could stand up to any novel of the Sixties and Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and the Power* was equally extraordinary, a subtle and vivid portrait of men competing for power which was not only true in the sense that Hemingway and Faulkner are true, but also actually and literally true. If some of Wolfe's champions were already on the way out, like Dick Schaap, while others were literary bigamists at least equally interested in novels, like Jimmy Breslin, still, the New Journalism did seem to promise a kind of renaissance, a renewed engagement with life after decades of exhausted, self-conscious and emotionally faint fiction.

The odd thing about Wolfe's announcement was that it didn't seem to bother anybody very much. His attack on the *New Yorker* a few years earlier had created a genuine stir, but Wolfe's potentially much more significant attempt to divert the whole focus of American literary energy was met by indifference. It wasn't that no one believed he was serious; it was that no one believed he was right. In effect he had outrun his own reputation. Serious literary folks were ready to laugh when he ran on about the Nanny Mafia and the Behavioral Sink, but when the Man in the White Suit, the Journalist of the Year, the Most Amusing Writer in New York starts talking about *literature* . . . well . . . It was as if a freshman congressman from a rural district in Utah had announced he was running for President. Ho-hum. Presumption on that scale isn't funny; it's embarrassing, and the dismissal of *The New Journalism* was not the nervous conspiracy of a frightened establishment hoping the bad news would go away, but more in the nature of a . . . polite silence. What might have been the occasion for a great debate on modern literature—not a weary talmudic *Partisan Review* symposium but the real thing, with anguished cries and ruined reputations—was instead one more puzzling publishing failure, a book which went more or less . . . nowhere . . .

Not only did Wolfe's daring fail to animate reviewers, but it weirdly marked a kind of highwater mark for New Journalism itself, if indeed it had ever been anything more than a dozen writers and half as many editors willing to give them space three times a year. The *Herald Tribune* had allowed the early champions to do as they liked for a year or eighteen months, but, as Sidney Zion has said, that was only because the *Tribune*'s corporate mind was on more important things, namely money (lack of) and death (imminence of). Willie Morris had turned *Harper's* into a writer's magazine—by no means a perfect one, just the best there was at the time—but then someone noticed it was losing readers and money, and switched it back.

The truth is that New Journalism has always been an enthusiasm of the few, like war gaming, the novels of Edward Hoagland and pure malt scotch whiskey. To begin with, no newspaper regularly—the *Times* never, the *Post* perhaps once a year, in a fit of inadvertence—

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prints what Wolfe meant by the New Journalism. Human interest stories, stories with adjectives and dialog, stories in which the First Person Singular is led out in handcuffs, yes. But not the rich, full-blown attempt to do literary justice to a real event which is the essence of New Journalism at its best. The general interest magazines are a little friendlier than newspapers, but not by much, and all of them—even *Rolling Stone* and *Esquire*—publish fewer ambitious pieces now than they did three and a half years ago when Wolfe raised about what seems to have been the only hurrah.

There are three reasons for the failure of Wolfe's revolution to progress beyond his manifesto. The first and probably most important is that New Journalism is *very expensive.* A good piece requires weeks of full-time reporting, sometimes a long way from home, which means that writers can't do it before breakfast or after work, as so many novelists and short story writers do, at least until they start winning grants. Somebody has got to put up a starvation wage, either the writer himself out of savings (which they are crazy to do, but do anyway, to their frequent ruin) or a magazine editor. The latter do so reluctantly because editorial budgets on most magazines are about as flexible as New York City's, and because a failed attempt at New Journalism is primarily an artistic failure and often unpublishable. A piece of conventional reporting on a topic of the day is almost certain to have *something* in it. Three thousand words on agribusiness may not do much for the soul, but—however flat in its writing, however dull in its structure—at least it's got a lot of facts, readers are fortified with information, and the magazine gets something for its money. New Journalism, on the other hand, like any art, is a chancy sort of thing, a triumph when it works, useless when it doesn't.

In addition to being expensive, New Journalism is subject-dependent. That is, *something has got to happen* before the writer can cut loose. Things are happening all the time, of course, but a good subject has got to stand for something more than itself. It can't be simply dramatic and exciting, like a grisly murder or a fire in a tall building or even a confused woman firing a pistol in the general direction of the President. The event has got to mean something, and its meaning must be sufficiently durable to survive four or five months of reporting, writing and magazine lead time without evaporating, like so many stories of the day.

Even when the subject is there it's not always approachable. If Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, St. Clair and Haig would talk, someone could write a rich and significant account of Nixon's fall, but they won't talk. The result, in White's book (as will no doubt be the case in others to come), is that the event is seen as through a glass darkly. New Journalism depends on intimacy and there is apparently no way to become intimate with Nixon or the men who once surrounded him.

The final reason for the fitful progress (not the failure) of New Journalism is probably the one which Wolfe himself least expected. Back in 1972 he wrote that the literary fantasy which haunted his generation, the goal which brought all those ambitious young writer-reporters to New York, was the hope they were going to find out about the Great World, strip their style of all those literary conceits contracted like a disease in graduate school, and then sit down one day and write . . . a novel.

"Your novel!" wrote Wolfe of this breathless ambition. "At this late date . . . it is hard to explain what an American dream the idea of writing a novel was in the 1940s, the 1950s and right into the early 1960s. The Novel was no mere literary form. It was a psychological phenomenon. It was a cortical fever. It belonged in the glossary to *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*, somewhere between Narcissism and Obsessional Neuroses. . . .

"The [New York] scene was strictly for novelists, people who were writing novels, and people who were paying court to The Novel . . . If a journalist aspired to literary status—then he had better have the sense and the courage to quit the popular press and try to get into the big league."

This was clearly a subject which Wolfe knew something about. He sounded like a reformed alchoholic describing slavery to drink. He himself, after the success of his dazzling articles for *Esquire* and *New York*, was quoted somewhere as saying he was going to take some time off from journalism and write a little fiction. It was going to be easy, I remember him saying; he was going to write . . . let's say . . . four novels in two years.

By 1972 the fever had ebbed; Wolfe was on the wagon. The Novel had been replaced by journalism as "literature's main event," a new form which was to revitalize American letters, clear away the New Critical mildew, and steal the hearts of all those young men and women who wanted to be writers.

Well, it didn't work out that way. Of the writers cited as New Journalists in Wolfe's articles, only two—Gay Talese and Wolfe himself—are still working in the vineyard. The rest have disappeared or are writing novels, and for every young journalist out researching the Great American Article, there are two sitting at home, typing away at their novels. The novel sickness, in short, is still pandemic. More novels are being published, with more success, than books of New Journalism—the contest is not even close— and Wolfe himself seems to be running a bit of the old fever.

Last year he published a short story and right now he's finishing up a long-promised book about astronauts to be called *The Right Stuff*. Two sections of it appeared some time ago in *Rolling Stone* and they were as good as anything Wolfe has ever done, much better than *The Painted Word*, for example, which read as if it had been researched while Wolfe was soaking in a warm tub. In

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one sense *The Right Stuff* is the old Wolfe, but in another it marks a departure, or perhaps a closing of the circle. Wolfe had gathered a lot of terrific material about astronauts but then, apparently, he ran into trouble trying to tie it together. So he created a narrator, a kind of omniscient-astronaut who had seen, done and felt everything, a salty character in his own right who told Wolfe all about it—at times he came right out and said, "Now listen Tom, the thing you'll never understand" is this, that or the other. It's a brilliant device, but it's not journalism. However literal the stories his narrator tells, what Wolfe is doing with his fictional narrator is . . . writing a novel.

So the novel is alive and well, the sweetheart of writers everywhere, which is okay with me, and journalism, from which Wolfe hoped to see such great things, trapped for so long in leaden boots—well journalism, alas . . . is still journalism.

THOMAS POWERS

HERO WORSHIP

THE SCREEN

The heroes of Sidney Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon* and Sydney Pollack's *The Three Days of the Condor* are about as like as . . . well, about as like as dogs and condors. Short, dark, ethnic Al Pacino plays the dog, Sonny, a bank robber who gets caught in the act. Tall, auburnmaned, Wasp Robert Redford plays the condor, Joe, a C.I.A. whiz kid who goes out in the cold. The differences in the fortunes of these two men seems apparent right from the start. While Sonny is committing his stickup during the opening scenes, he burns the bank's register so the stolen bills can't be traced, and the smoke brings down the cops on him. It's just pure bad luck. (What makes it even more ridiculous is that he needs $2500—to buy a sex-change operation for his homosexual wife—and the neighborhood branch he's robbing doesn't have that much.) Joe, on the other hand, happens to be out to lunch when assassins murder everyone else in the C.I.A. think tank where he works. It's just pure good luck this time, and what makes Joe's situation even more ridiculous is that he's the one the assassins were really after.

With this opening incident as its premise, each film proceeds accordingly. Joe continues to luck out, guess right and live by his wits. Sonny continues to take pipe, guess wrong and screw up. While the one hunkers down in besieged confusion inside his bank full of hostages, the other is out loose simultaneously exposing and foiling an international conspiracy. Yet in the end perhaps Joe and Sonny aren't so different. Perhaps that's even the point about them. After all, Joe is no more a C.I.A. agent than Sonny is a bank robber. Joe may show a certain flair for dangerous living that Sonny doesn't have. Joe may even be a natural at it, where Sonny is a dud. But at base Joe and Sonny are both still just a couple of amateurs.

Like Sonny, Joe eventually winds up with the whole system against him. The man behind the raid on Joe's think tank proves to be Joe's own section chief, who is running a private espionage network that Joe's research accidentally threatens to uncover; and once Joe has found this out, the fact that he knows it makes him an "embarrassment" to the agency itself, which now joins the hired assassins in the hunt for him. At the end of *Dog Day Afternoon* Sonny has been taken into custody, while at the end of *The Three Days of the Condor* Joe is still a fugitive. But the distinction seems a specious one. The forces conspiring against Joe are so great and he is so utterly alone that we hold out no hope for him. In a way Joe is an even more pathetic, helpless figure than Sonny because Joe hasn't done anything to provoke the powers that turn on him. On the contrary, he was just trying to do his job and get along.

What each of these films is about, then, is not condors or dogs, but the sacrificial goat—that oddball or overachiever chosen at random from our midst to serve us as victim. This is the daily beast lurking in each film's title, the beast our national psyche needs to slay everyday in order to carry on, the answer to our prayer, which is to give us each day our daily beast. Perhaps the function that films like these have is to let us enjoy in a fictitious version something we fear too much in reality. If we can watch Sonny or Joe get handled this way, our anxiety that it might happen to us is relieved. Joe and Sonny are suffering *instead of* us. That's what sacrificial goats are for. Acting in our places, Joe and Sonny do us honor, for they both put up a good fight just as goats should, in order to be told from the sheep. Whatever the function is that such films have, however, no mere film critic can really understand it. All a critic can know about is film art, and on the level where these films operate, movies are no longer an art form. They're a form of social pathology.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

AN APPEAL FROM PATNA

Avila Convent, which conducts a college, a high school, a technical school and a primary school, has been flooded by a tributary of the Ganges. "The compound is covered with water neck deep." The paddies and fields on which this community of 200 grew its own food have been devastated, and walls and all sorts of essential facilities are badly damaged. The costs of needed reconstruction are heavy. Readers should send help to: Sister M. Carola, A.C., Avila Convent, Bayley Road, Patna—800001, Bihar, India (Airmail: 26ç).

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THE TRIUMPH OF TECHNIQUE

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes

Ed. by JAMES SUTHERLAND

Clarendon Press, $15.

MARK TAYLOR

Hanged, drawn, and quartered at 18, the young poet-revolutionary left, if anything, one poem, which remains reasonably prominent in literary history —the Elegy that begins 'My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,/ My feast of joy is but a dish of pain"—and one letter, promising to meet his wife Agnes in Heaven, that concludes, "By the hand, from the Heart, of thy most lovinge Husband. Chidiock Tichborne." Possibly apocryphal, the poem appeared in a miscellany a couple months after Tichborne's death, in 1586, under the sobering, legend-provoking title of "Tichborne's elegy, written with his own hand in the Tower before his execution."

Tichborne's sins were, of course, egregious in Elizabethan England, and his punishment a sign of the rightful workings, and proper cooperation, of monarchy and Providence. A papist, and the son of a papist, Tichborne joined in the infamous Babington conspiracy, solicited (it was said) by the Jesuits in Reims, to do away with Elizabeth and rescue Mary, Queen of Scots. The conspiracy effected, rather, the hasty end of Mary and the even hastier end of its seven participants, who were rounded up either in London or in nearby St. John's Wood where, hoping to appear as resident woodsmen, they had painted their faces red.

The Elegy isn't a bad poem (though neither can it represent quite adequately the great early age of the modern English lyric), but whatever merit one may find in the deliberate, and then fashionable, artificiality of its oxymora and antitheses, in the control of its refrain line, and perhaps even in one or two of its images seen as image instead of rhetoric ("I sought my death and found it in my womb"), the fact remains that its survival is in every degree owed to the moral edification provided by Tichborne's life. He may have written it, but he hardly contracted for its publication in *Verses of Praise and Joy written upon Her Majesty's Preservation*, where it first appeared; he could scarcely have exploited the fact, if it is a fact, that he had composed it during his last night on earth; and there is no chance that he penned the contemporary, anonymous, mean-spirited, and yet promotional "Answer to Mr. Tichborne," untruthfully telling the persona of the Elegy that "The world accounts thee not worth thinking on." For a life in every way as negatively exemplary as Tichborne's was much worth thinking on, and so his poem, which shows among other things what happens to young citizens if they misbehave, became, and has more or less remained, visible.

There is nothing particularly anecdotal in the little we know of Chidiock Tichborne's life; his absence from *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes* is consequently unsurprising. But it seems to me that his story is worth recounting here because it works in a direction so precisely, so tellingly, opposite to the stories of the great, near-great, and ungreat that Professor Sutherland has collected. Tichborne's life served to consecrate his poem, whatever the final value of that poem; for the others, the men and women who perform and declaim in *Literary Anecdotes*, their written words served to consecrate the events of their lives, whatever the final value (to anybody else), or even interest, of these events. This means that, on the one hand, the Elegy became an adjunct to history; it means, on the other, that some lives, or moments in them, have become the adjuncts of literature. The first instance raises no question of relevance or tact; the second just might.

The contents of *Literary Anecdotes* are interesting enough, to be sure. It will satisfy the interest, the natural human curosity, of most to know when and under what circumstances Disraeli was aphoristic, Joyce was proud, Blake was naked, Ada Leverson was diffident, Arnold Bennett was generous, Dryden was petty, Hume was gentle, Tennyson was taciturn, Lamb was mischievous, Mrs. Carlyle was sparkling. Martin Tupper was vain, and Thackeray was ***not*** cynical. It is intriguing to know that Keats was ramping and Firbank was orchidaceous; that T. S. Eliot was (accidently revealed to be) Christian and George Eliot was wooed (properly, by Herbert Spencer, upon one knee), while George Steevens was a practical joker and Joseph Ritson, a vulnerable vegetarian, that Mahaffy could be occasionally savage whereas Savage could be only improvident. It is a jolly story told about Sir Walter Relegh and one of the Queen's Maids of Honor: the yound lady's protestations of "Sir Walter" during Ralegh's (vertical) violation of her, ecstatically elide, after a few moments, into "Swisser Swatter, Swisser Swatter!" And it is a just story that gives Samuel Foote his due: replying to the Earl of Sandwich's remark that "I think you must either die of the pox, or the halter," it was Foote who said, "*That* will depend upon . . . whether I embrace your lordship's mistress, or your lordship's principles." This piece of cleverness has been credited to almost everybody, and it can offer little recompense to the shade of Samuel Foote that the misattribu-

MARK TAYLOR *teaches in the English Department at Manhattan. This is another of a regular literary column he contributes to these pages.*

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tions usually strengthen the climax of his retort by allowing halter/principles to precede pox/mistress.

Anybody can read *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes,* but what can anybody do with it after that? English professors, of course, can and will mine it for little *bons mots* and inside stories to perk up their lectures, and since spritely lectures are *ipso facto* a good thing, it must follow that this academic procedure will be a good thing, also. Looking for a good way to begin *The Vicar of Wakefield* or finish up the *Waverley* novels? Here it is. For myself, I'll have to get back to Ralegh, work him into next term's syllabus, for the grand moment the "Swisser Swatter" story will afford. (It would be a pleasant irony, imitative of the Tichborne syndrome, if the tail came to wag the dog here, if college reading lists got shaped by available anecdotes.) But, then, students do need more of *The Queen's Love to Cynthia* than they've been getting.

Anyway, it can generously be presumed that the professors do not really need this book, that they all know well and at first hand Boswell's *Life,* Cibber's *Lives,* Chesterfield's *Letters,* Espinasse's *Literary Recollections and Sketches,* and the hundreds of other sources for the anecdotes here included. This is simply the personal commonplace book they always meant to compile, but not even professors read with pencil always in hand. No one has yet suggested that *Literary Anecdotes* is designed for the teaching establishment as a kind of highbrow *Monarch Notes* to the continuity of giggles, and occasional sorrows, that obtains among British literati. It would be churlish to suggest that a book designed for no right purpose can subserve any wrong one.

No: above all one must not imply that *Literary Anecdotes* has a purpose, that it points, intentionally or otherwise, toward any serious lessons. One simply must not be serious about this book; it is quite harmless; there are no wrong hands into which it might fall. But then—although one rightly may turn a page or two, chuckle or cluck, nod sagely or sympathetically, feel enlightened, and fall asleep—one must not therefore *conclude* anything—especially not anything about its cast of characters or (Heaven forfend!) their works. It is not a large number of digested literary biographies pressed between two gold-stamped, conservative blue Clarendon covers; it is not a compendium of authorial epiphanies; it has not even a kissing relationship to the enterprises of, say, Richard Ellmann on Joyce, Sybille Bedford on Huxley, John Wain on Johnson; it offers anecdotes, which is all that it claims to do, but it does not offer insights. Or if it does, one cannot tell on the basis of this book alone where and what they are.

I am saying that *Literary Anecdotes* is in itself harmless and not to be taken seriously, and yet I find myself fretting over the possibility of some reader's saying (as some reviewers have done) that the book shows that: writers are just like the rest of us; writers aren't at all like the rest of us; writers are occasionally, or usually, profound (when off duty, that is); writers are usually, or occasionally, silly; writers spend more time eating and, especially, drinking than other people. And any one of these conclusions—all of which, as I say, should be avoided—will be accompanied by the exclamation, *"Thank God for that!"* We'll have the writer just where we want him: way above us, way beneath us, or right with us. It's a hell of a way to get back at our storytellers.

Someone tells the story—I forgot who and where; it's not in *Literary Anecdotes*—of a taxi ride with T. S. Eliot. Eliot's companion, having met him that evening for the first time, waited impatiently for the truth about the Jacobean playwrights, F. H. Bradley, *The Waste Land,* whatever; but Eliot chose to speak about the difficulties one had in London in obtaining reliable household help these days. Which just goes to show—what? Anyone who would really like to believe that poets are, after all, only human will probably find them, after their humanity has been amply demonstrated, to be rather less than that.

Or consider a story that Thomas Powell tells on Wordsworth in *The Living Authors of England* (1849), which is included in *Literary Anecdotes.* "'I do not think,'" said Wordsworth, in the course of an after-dinner conversation on wit and humor, that

> "I was ever witty but *once* in my life." A great desire was naturally expressed by all to know what this special drollery was. After some hesitation the old poet said —"Well, I will tell you. I was standing some time ago at the entrance of my cottage at Rydal Mount. A man accosted me with the question—'Pray, sir, have you seen my wife pass by?'; whereupon I said, 'Why, my good friend, I didn't know till this moment that you had a wife.'" The company stared, and finding that the old bard had discharged his entire stock, burst into a roar of laughter, which the facetious Wordsworth, in his simplicity, accepted as a genuine compliment to the brilliancy of his wit.

That is, to me, a great story, and its editorializing notwithstanding, I find it by no means altogether at the old bard's expense. Still, I find it at least potentially subversive. Suppose one takes, as one is invited to do, Powell's point of view. It's easy; corroborating evidence abounds. Wordsworth never was a very funny writer, never really witty in either the eighteenth- or the twentieth-century sense of that term; so how, quickness and a funny bone being the quintessence of humanity, humanity being the quintessence of literary greatness, can he then be a great poet? This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. Even his contemporaries recognized his simplicity—not, we note, his *classical* simplicity. The author of *The Prelude* is taken care of, disposed of, put where he belongs: "Yes, it's just as I always said. The fellow wasn't much fun."

The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes is a kind of biographical instant replay, less a substantive presentation than a technique. It shows, it shows again, rather, a large number—484—of intrusively prominent moments, which

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look entirely too much like significant moments—as any of them may be, as some of them surely are—because they occur in no context. The book disgorges biographical trivia as Bartlett's disgorges quotations (though *Literary Anecdotes* will rarely serve as a reference book), and as Dr. Adler's 100 Great Books project disgorges ideas, there being no real difference, perhaps, other than that lives are most easily glorified, soothed, welcomed, and held in contempt. A trove of (largely) innocent gossip, its contents are no worse and no better than other stores of innocent gossip: which isn't very bad, and isn't very good, and is only a little bit dangerous. We're all grateful for instant replay; only a closet Calvinist would say that its fruits can be too painlessly enjoyed.

BOOKS

THE BELLOW-ING OF THE CULTURE

DANIEL STERN

Humboldt's Gift
SAUL BELLOW
Viking, $10

In *Humboldt's Gift,* Saul Bellow has written not only the best book of his career (save perhaps that lapidary novella *Seize The Day*) but one of the most vivid, funny, touching and brilliant novels to come along in years.

He has taken the enduring themes of his concern: the exhaustion of the Western mind and its received ideas . . . the difficulty of the ethical and imaginative life in America . . . the maniacal distractions among which people of good will and good minds must live . . . the Yeatsian paradox of aging and dying in the midst of heedless enthusiasm . . . and has orchestrated them in a wonderful, exuberant opera of a novel.

The central figure, the un-heroic tenor if you will, is Charlie Citrine, who tries hard to live up to the citrus-like image evoked by his name. A rueful writer in his late fifties who has gained considerable fame for his one hit Broadway play, and biographies of Woodrow Wilson and Harry Hopkins, he manages to refer even to his decoration by the French Government in acid terms. Charley lives in his real and metaphorical Chicago, fighting age via paddle-ball, yoga headstands and the luxurious sensual ministrations of a pneumatic young woman, Renata, who wants his last name more than his mind and body. His ex-wife Denise, wants his money. A cracked junior-member of the Chicago Mafia, Ronald Cantabile, wants his attention, respect and prestige by association. But Charley wants — well, Charley knows the truth of Yeats's claim: "An aged man is but a paltry thing, a coat upon a stick, unless soul clap hands and sing."

The closest Charley's soul can come to that is to dwell in fond and pained remembrance of Von Humboldt Fleischer, the friend of his youth, the damned mad poet of the forties. Fleischer, as everyone knows, is based upon Delmore Schwartz, that Roman candle of pre- and post-war poetry and letters. And Humboldt/Schwartz is the shining memory of a life so devoted to pure poetry and the detritus of Western culture that it degenerated into paranoia, poverty and early death. While Citrine went on to what Humboldt considered to be a cheap literary and financial success.

Charlie is stymied by the backwash of that success; blocked in his work, tormented by money worries, women-worries and worst of all, the sense that he has essentially dozed through the high moments of his time and his own life.

The sense of a meaningful existence

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promised in youth by Charley's apostleship to Humboldt and his passionate belief in the value of Art and Culture have degenerated to the point at which we encounter Charley: having stopped a poker-debt check to a small time hood and having his Mercedes 280 SL totaled by a baseball bat as a result . . . as well as an ensuing comedy of errors involving his ex-wife's financial vengeance and a flight to New York and Europe with the body-delighting Renata. He is famous, well-off and always on the brink of financial and psychological disaster. Into this ironic and comic chaos comes the news that Humboldt has left Citrine a legacy—the "gift" of the title. It proves to be an unexpected *deus ex machina;* a subtle one with a touch of reverse English.

But all this only gives a hint of the rich texture of the book. The writing is expansive with wit, shimmering

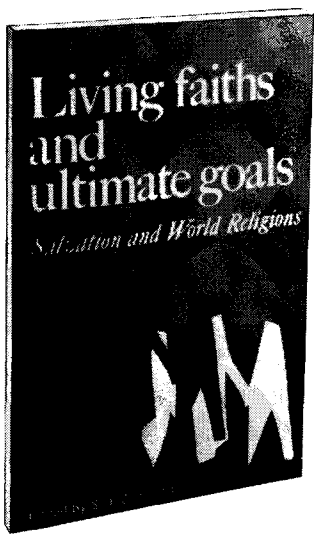
Jill Krementz

with epigrams and lyrical with regret. Often, all in the same paragraph. The result, stylistically, is an enchanting ambience of language in which the wit modifies the regret and the epigrams enlarge the wit into something close to wisdom. And laughing all the while.

Still, there is a serious question underlying the novel's enormously entertaining texture. Citrine would have us believe that his dilemma is really ours. Put simply: that the ideas of the last three centuries have been used up. (This philosophical fatigue has led him to tentatively embrace a system called Anthroposophy and its prophet Rudolf Steiner. A philosophy that believes in a spirit independent of the body and in the transmigration of souls). But those very traditional ideas were the stuff of Humboldt's hold on Citrine's imagination. They were, in sum, the modernist legacy: the ultimate value of art, the corrupting nature of commercial society, the idea that truth and immortality could only be found in metaphor, that is to say, in beauty.

Thus Humboldt stands for our "exhausted" Western culture of science and art. But the notion that ideas can be "used up" or "fail" is questionable. Theories can fail. But their underlying ideas cannot be used up like the quantity of oil in the earth. Ideas develop and metamorphosize into other ideas. As Frank Kermode points out in "The Sense of an Ending," it is in the nature of societies to believe

Theological Selections from ORBIS



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that they are living at the end of time. It is not unique to post-existential man.

The fact that the ideas of Citrine's youth (and here one is forced to say Citrine/Bellow) have not resulted in happiness, poise and hope may be more a valid function of *his* age, the late fifties than of *our* age. Charley is now closer to death than to birth and the book is death-haunted. Citrine's dead are always with him, not least of all the hypnotic Humboldt. And his own death is rarely far from his thoughts. Still, Bellow beautifully balances his Chicago—a Chicago that becomes a metaphor for the savage, violent, loony "real" world—against the lost world that was Humboldt's original gift to him. Humboldt is eloquently laid to rest in the book and in Charley's life, if not in the history of ideas.

But novels are not made of ideas, anyway. They are made of experience and language, balanced against the ethical and philosophical concerns of the characters. Seen in this light (or damned near any light) Bellow has created a magnificent, major work of the cultured imagination, stymied at the crossroads of life, death and thought. One reads it with gratitude that Bellow is working among us, writing, quarreling with himself and growing into the major artist he has always been.

Humboldt's Gift is a gift, indeed.

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The Lonely Hunter: A Biography of Carson McCullers

VIRGINIA SPENCER CARR

Doubleday, $12.50

JOHN B. BRESLIN

I recently sat through a screening of *The Member of the Wedding* in a Manhattan theater and was surprised at how much laughter Julie Harris provoked with her impassioned interpretation of Frankie Adams' anguish. Was it simply that Ms. Harris seemed older than Frankie's 12 years or was it more tellingly, that the painful feelings of rejection she expressed had to be exorcised somehow? Whatever the explanation, the reaction typifies the risks Carson McCullers took in her fiction—and, according to her biographer, in her life as well. She wrote and lived in a whirlwind of keenly felt emotions: love and jealousy, rage and submission, tenderness and hostility. The line between the sublime and the ridiculous was always threatening to disappear.

It was Frankie Adams, too, who expressed most directly the formula for happiness that Carson McCullers sought all her life and only rarely found—"the we of me." For Frankie it meant being part of her brother's marriage, from the honeymoon on! For her creator it meant a series of three-way relationships that often proved intolerable. Her husband, Reeves, who shared her sexual ambivalence but not her acceptance of it, suffered most in these triangles. Shortly after the success of *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,* the McCullers met and simultaneously fell in love with the composer David Diamond. The emotion was reciprocated, but after a while Diamond realized he was being torn apart between the two of them. When Carson and Reeves split up, Reeves moved in with Diamond. This lasted only briefly and Reeves turned back to the army, the only place where he felt he could be his own man. After the war he and Carson remarried, but life in the shadow of a celebrated writer was too deeply painful for a man who had himself ambitioned becoming a writer. After several threats and abortive attempts, he finally committed suicide.

Through it all, Carson McCullers continued to write despite a series of severe strokes that made every movement a torture. She also continued to fall in love—with women especially but not exclusively. Physical and emotional closeness rather than sexual consummation was her constant goal in these relationships and though she eventually wore down certain friends with her constant demands, she always found others who responded sympathetically, even eagerly. Tennessee Williams, her cousin Jordan Massee, Dame Edith Sitwell, her sister Rita Smith, John Huston and especially in her final years, her psychiatrist and constant companion Mary Mercer —all of these provided her with the "we of me" she so desperately needed.

At one point in the narrative Virginia Carr quotes Robert Walden, a Southern friend and host of Carson's: "If she wanted to please you, she would suddenly decide 'I'm going to be charming,' and charming she was—like a princess. But she was still a bitch." That ambivalence, symbolized also by the bisexuality that permeated her fiction and her life, accounted for the different images individuals took away from their encounters with her. The sickly, crippled woman with the little girl's face was also the "iron butterfly"; and Reeves McCullers spoke volumes when he replied to a query about his wife's condition with a long pause and then an explosive "Indestructible!"

Even though Virginia Carr faithfully sketches in all the warts, her mammoth portrait is clearly a labor of

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love. She has tracked down just about every person who ever met Carson McCullers and got them to speak not only about her but about themselves. She has read letters and diaries and manuscripts and done everything else a professional biographer must do. In fact, I think she may have done too much collecting. As a critical biography this suffers from an excess of anecdote and shortage of analysis. Carson McCullers' novels and stories are discussed in their appropriate chronological order, but the critical intelligence at work is more interested in the biographical sources of the themes than in the distinctly literary qualities of the fiction.

Still, the book is indispensable for anyone who has been gripped by Carson McCullers' writing. Her characters inhabit a land that most of us have visited, however briefly, but few would have the strength or the will to settle in for long. Carson was born there and never really left. She paid the price for that allegiance in mental anguish, but she extracted from her pain an insight into the tortuous ways of the human heart that has spoken eloquently for many less articulate sufferers. And that insight, despite the book's length, occasional repetitiveness and lapses into preciousness, is captured and conveyed in *The Lonely Hunter*.

Queen Mary and Others

OSBERT SITWELL

John Day, $6.95

Closing Times

DAN DAVIN

Oxford, $12.95

PHILIP TERZIAN

For his *Who's Who* biography, the late Sir Osbert Sitwell used to mention "listening to the sound of his own voice" as his favorite form of recreation. I used to find that a saddening entry, not only for what it conveyed of an old and lonely man, but because Sitwell must have realized—if he ever did listen to his voice—that it was the sound of a dying age he had outlived, filling his ears. Not for him the raucous promotion, the canned interviews and media blitz of the model of a modern major author, but the measured, seductive tremolo of a man of letters. This collection of posthumous essays is an admirable and fitting *adieu* to the English literary world of the last century and the first half of the twentieth, a world into which he was comfortably born, flourished and, alas, survived, plodding along—undoubtedly recoiling—into our own.

It is a small work, a few odds and ends that Harold Acton in his foreword says Sitwell was too infirm to polish, a supplement to the bulk of his writing. *Left Hand, Right Hand!* relates

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best what Osbert Sitwell had to say and there are, in this book, only faint echoes of the voices and trumpets that heralded his career. His father, the supreme eccentric Sir George Sitwell, is mentioned only in passing, and the controversies into which Sir Osbert and his sister and brother threw themselves with such passion are missing altogether, as though their vindication made any reflection unnecessary. Then again, they have been treated elsewhere, and this book is an after-hours rumination.

The title essay is the longest, although not in my estimation the best. Queen Mary, the great dreadnought of twentieth century royalty, is treated with deference and awe, but the circumstances surrounding her portrait are faintly comic. She moved secretly from place to place during World War II for fear of bombing or kidnapping and Sitwell was frequently on hand to amuse at luncheon.

I much prefer his evocation of New York in the twenties—surely a lost world if ever there was one—the offhand remarks of a knowledgeable stranger. Another piece, "What It Feels Like to be An Author," is hilarious. Sir Osbert was, of course, the victim of the usual pitfalls attendant to a successful writing career, and it is a delight to read about some of the impositions, not the least being those stateside literary luncheons, author surrounded by solicitous ladies and gentlemen—in Malcolm Muggeridge's phrase, "wherever two or more sometime visitors to the Edinburgh Festival are gather together."

Closing Times is in vivid contrast to Osbert Sitwell, a short volume of literary reminiscences by the New Zealand-born novelist and publisher, Dan Davin. Davin is what every writer needs: a steady, reliable, guileless friend, happy to extend his sympathetic arm in the midst of delirium tremens, faltering careers, or whatever. Davin's circle of acquaintances is (or was—everyone in the book is now dead) extensive, and this perceptive series reflects not only on his own admirable character, but serves as a tragic, perhaps unintentionally revealing mirror of the lives of some of the bright lights of contemporary literature: Dylan Thomas, Louis MacNeice, Enid Starkie, Joyce Cary, among others. Davin was not always there at critical moments, standing over shoulders or editing copy, and he says so, but he heard and saw frequently enough to draw the threads together and eulogize with authority. He retained, furthermore, an element of detachment, a quality so important to a memoirist and so often missing elsewhere.

This is the century of the common man, or the common literary man, the age of neurosis, and that fact is abundantly brought home. This is a world far removed from the stately homes and Italian villas of an Osbert Sitwell. It is not for nothing that the book is named for the hours of pubs. Davin's writers are exiles from the leisurely give-and-take of Georgian drawing rooms and high-minded discourse. They are, for that matter, largely exiled from the fever of contemporary life, sensitive and yet insensitive (or oblivious) to the practical realm in which we, and Davin, so assuredly circulate. We find them retreating helplessly into the flophouses of modern culture—PEN conventions, the BBC—drying out, bemoaning the poems unwritten or the stories unread—racing against cancer or the weight of failure to cross the line into—into what?

It is curious and unsettling to learn what torment brings forth art, that it is deliverance, not fame, that is the spur, that minds should be so consumed as to ultimately consume themselves. "The irony in the fate of Dylan Thomas," says Davin, "no compensation for its tragedy, was that security came only after he was in the safety of the vault." Davin's watchful eye captures the unfolding drama of his friends as they could not hope to see it. We can not turn away, nor can we, as Davin admits, begin to understand what is before us.

This, then, is the dark side of the literary moon, a key perhaps to why Osbert Sitwell preferred the jaundiced and leisurely pace he set for himself. A key also to why Davin has so vividly titled his book, how the empty glasses, the dust and wrappers, the entrails of daily life are swept away each night by the disembodied spirit of Art, calmly awaiting the next day's business.

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man of penetrating intellect, wide reading, profound faith, a natural skepticism, openness and fairness, and a finely balanced judgment. He is one of the truly wise men of our age. The Christian world still awaits his development of a systematic ethics. It would be interesting to see how Gustafson would put together the profound insights found in his disparate essays and reviews and in particular how he would put together the Lutheran and Calvinistic streams in his own ethical thought.

In the meantime Charles M. Swezey again has collected some of Gustafson's essays to make up the present volume. Swezey also has written an excellent seventeen-page introduction which gives us a fine summary of some of the basic ingredients in Gustafson's ethical thought. Also a bibliography of Gustafson's writings between 1951 and 1973 has been compiled by the Reverend Ms. S. Anita Stauffer and is appended to the book.

The fourteen essays which form *Theology and Christian Ethics* were written between 1968 and 1972. Since everything changes so quickly nowadays, it is no surprise that a few of the moral issues of the late 1960s no longer appear so urgent to us today. But even in his discussion of these issues his careful methodolgy is illustrated. His consideration of the 1970 U.S. invasion of Cambodia, for instance, serves as an apt illustration of how the scriptures are to be used—and not used—in critical ethical thinking.

One of course does not look for unity or a systematic development of thought in a book such as this. But the disparate essays are organized in a coherent way. There are three main sections in the book: 1) "Perspectives on Theological Ethics" which considers problems *about* the discipline of theological ethics, 2) "Some Substantive Issues" which considers problems *within* the discipline of theological ethics, and 3) "Ethics and the Sciences" which considers the *relation* of theological ethics to other disciplines. The fourteen chapters cover diverse questions such as the importance and limitations of involvement and disinterestedness in making moral decisions, moral education, the proper role or vocation of the theologian, moral discernment in the Christian life, the place of scripture in Christian ethics, the relationship between the spiritual life and the moral life, the relevance of the historical context to a moral issue, the relationship between the empirical sciences and Christian ethics, and basic ethical issues in the biomedical field.

All of the essays are exceptionally good, but I would like to single out one for special comment. It seems to me that chapter twelve, "What is the Normatively Human?" is the most important in the book. Fifteen years ago the word *human* was seldom used in moral discourse. Today nearly everyone is talking about the "humanizing" and the "dehumanizing" and what makes and keeps human life human. Everyone is for the human and against the inhuman, and everyone assumes that he understands what everyone else is saying.

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If we are going to use this language in ethics a number of questions have to be clarified. For instance, what do we value about human life? And what is the relation between the empirical and descriptive elements and the ethically normative elements in the concept of the human? The ethical norm, Gustafson argues, is not identified with the descriptive norm. An empirical and statistical study of man as he actually is and behaves cannot disclose fully the normatively human, because man as an individual and a race is continually changing and developing. Therefore finding what is truly and fully human is an ongoing process of discovery.

Gustafson has not fully answered his own question. But I believe that he has surfaced the basic ethical issue and has set us on the right road to an answer when he says, "My strong hunch is that to be human is to have a vocation, a calling; that it is to become what we now are not; that it calls for a surpassing of what we are; that apart from a telos, a vision of what man can and ought to do, we will founder and decay." That, I believe, is exactly right. For as Teilhard de Chardin reminded us, in the card game of evolution we are no longer just the cards and the stakes; we are now the players.

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JEFFREY MEYERS

When Hesse and Mann were in their late seventies, the former observed so many of their friends had passed away that they now had more intimates in the "beyond" than here below. And when Mann died in 1955, Hesse praised his irony, sense of play and integrity and wrote to Mann's widow, Kati, "without you our faithful friend could not have lived so wonderfully rich, courageous and great a life."

In her charming and chatty, amusing and anecdotal *Unwritten Memories,* the practical and common-sensical Katia Mann, who justly compares herself to Leonore in *Fidelio,* conveys with Wilhelmine propriety the public image of her husband. Katia remained, for more than ninety years, the only member of the Mann family who did not write; and she confides that only her weakness and good nature forced her to give in to her son's plea for memoirs.

The exceptionally beautiful and sophisticated Katia was clearly unimpressed by the great ones who came her way. She satirizes the pomposity of the King of Sweden during the Nobel ceremonies; finds the one-sided genius of Einstein quite ordinary in everyday life; pokes fun at Bruno Walter's objections to Mann's portrayal of the demonic element in music; and says that Alma Mahler, who "always drank far too many sweet liqueurs

Hesse (left) and Mann

and was rather malicious by nature," was too much for Gustav's nervous system and was partly responsible for his premature death. When she called up Mann's brother Heinrich and asked, "how are things with you two?," he replied, " 'Not good. My wife just died,' That's the way he was—very strange."

In a more serious vein, Katia relates that "The Blood of the Walsungs" was suppressed by her father, who objected to the satiric portrayal of his Jewish family; and that Mann preferred to base his works on reality rather than on imagination. The bizarre minor characters in *The Magic Mountain* were the actual people she had described in her letters to Mann from a Swiss sanitorium; and when they first arrived in Venice in 1910 they "really did see the graying dandy, an aging man who was all spruced up and obviously wearing make-up, surrounded by young people."

Mann alluded to Hesse's *Steppen-*

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wolf in *The Young Joseph,* a volume of the Jewish epic that he wrote during the Nazi era; and Hesse returned the compliment in *The Glass Bead Game* when he affectionately portrayed his friend as the *magister ludi,* Thomas von der Trave, whose work "was irreproachable in plan and construction." Hesse's novel arrived when Mann was composing *Doctor Faustus,* and Mann "was almost alarmed at the kinship with the task I had elected: the same idea of fictional biography, the same connection with music. Also, a criticism of culture and our era. . . . The parallels between the broader themes of the books are astonishing. Mine probably more pointed, sharper, searing, more dramatic, more topical and direct. His softer, more sentimental, more self-sufficient, more romantic and more playful."

The formal and dignified Mann-Hesse letters, a somewhat self-conscious reflection of the Goethe-Schiller epistles, lack the tension and dramatic conflicts of the Freud-Jung correspondence. For each found in the other a responsive and understanding reader; and there was affection and mutual respect as well as close intellectual sympathy between the friends, and interest in each other's complaints of ill health and artistic progress. The unifying theme of their correspondence is the "coincidence of opposites" between Mann, the urban cosmopolite from north Germany who wrote ironic epics and Hesse, the rural recluse from south Germany who composed confessional lyrics. During the Hitler regime they recognized their common bond as representatives of a humanist tradition that had been destroyed in Germany and as exiles who had moved from national ties through loneliness and ostracism to world citizenship.

Hesse was a pacifist during the Great War and articulately resisted the German power-madness at a time when Mann was still engaged in his romantic-Protestant defense of counter-revolutionary Germany in *Reflections of a Non-Political Man.* That treatise was published in 1918, the year Hesse left his country for Switzerland. In 1932, as Mann naively claimed "the worst is over—I think the madness seems to have passed its peak," Hesse expressed his profound distrust of the German Republic and of the intellectual bankruptcy of the universities, and stated that the revolutionaries had been murdered (as the Jew were to be) with the approval of 99 percent of the population.

But after 1933, when Mann went into voluntary exile and found temporary refuge in his friend's Swiss home, he became increasingly radical and intensely involved in political controversy while Hesse swore to defend himself to the death against being drawn into politics. In 1937 Mann praised Hesse's early-won spiritual freedom and absolute philosophical detachment; but after the war he came to believe "nothing that is alive can sidestep politics. Even a refusal of politics is political; it merely abets the politics of evil."

Despite the destruction of Europe and the collapse of Germany, both Mann and Hesse carried on their work with amazing tenacity. Hesse, who had had a nervous breakdown in 1916, claimed he was able to keep himself together through the Hitler years by concentrating on *The Glass Bead Game.* Mann, who had achieved instant fame with *Buddenbrooks* in

REVIEWERS

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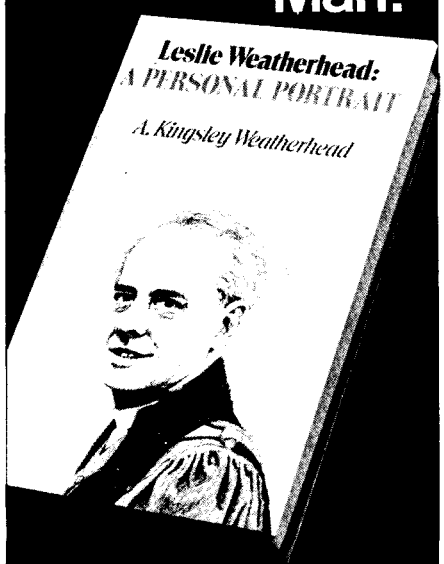

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1900 (a motorcade of forty trucks were needed to deliver the cheap edition of the novel to Berlin bookstores), generously helped Hesse with American publishers, recommended him for the Nobel Prize (Mann won it in 1929, Hesse in 1946) and encouraged him to finish his major novel: "even in this difficult instance the old habit of form-giving and embodiment, the social drive toward realization and communication will surely win out." It is rather ironic that their fortunes are now reversed. Though Mann is a much greater writer, Hesse's strange mixture of Jungian psychology and Indian mysticism has now become very fashionable and has made him a much more popular and influential writer than his colleague and rival.

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Steinfels (Cont.)

says. 'It's just a fact of life,' he says, 'and not necessarily bad.' "

"And who is this Donaldson fellow?" asked Hennessy with a squint that did not bespeak cordiality.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Mr. Donaldson is the new dean of socialism at Yale. 'The best possible leader,' said Kingman Brewster, Jr., when he made Dean Donaldson a professor the other day."

"You mean he wasn't a professor already?" asked Hennessy suspiciously.

"Not at all," said Mr. Dooley. "Dean Donaldson was a 'whiz kid.' Robert McNamara was our last 'whiz kid.' He went on winning the war in Vietnam for years, and finally they promoted him to the World Bank so he can go on winning the war against hunger. A 'whiz kid' is someone who makes a fortune when he's very young. Dean Donaldson made $10 million in the go-go securities market of the '60s."

"Doesn't sound very academic to me," said Hennessy.

"Well, that *was* a bit sticky for awhile," said Mr. Dooley, "especially with all this Affirmative Action stuff. 'Why here's a perfectly good Puerto Rican professor of mechanical engineering from Saratoga Community College,' says someone on the Yale committee. 'Maybe he should head the new school.' 'And here's an outstanding woman teacher of red spectrum physics,' says someone else. 'But what about a whiz kid?' says Kingman Brewster, Jr. 'We're way behind our quota on whiz kids." 'A telling point,' says the committee. 'What's he done?' 'Well,' says Kingman, 'he just thought up an Energy Independence Authority for Rocky, which Rocky gave free of charge to Jerry,' says Kingman, 'and which would guarantee $100 billion in loans to the oil industry,' says Kingman, 'and that's not a bad job of interfacing.'

" 'True,' says the committee, 'but it doesn't sound very academic.' 'Look,' says Kingman, who is a fast man on his feet, 'if we give student teachers academic credit for teaching in a ghetto,' he says, 'why can't we give a whiz kid academic credit for making $10 million in the securities market.' 'A telling point,' says the committee; 'no scholarly book is worth more than half a million anyway.' So they put Donaldson down for twenty scholarly books, and the next day Kingman crowned him a professer of public and private management."

"It still sounds fishy to me," said Hennessy.

"You're hopelessly old-fashioned, Hennessy," said Mr. Dooley. "Why just consider what Dean Donaldson told the *New York Times*: Yale, he says, is attempting 'to define a whole new kind of manager,' he says, 'the kind of manager that is coming up rapidly in this generation,' he says, 'people who want to make a lot of money,' he says, 'and still have diversity in their careers,' he says. 'Anyone in government charged with regulating business,' he says, 'or thinking of going into business,' he says, 'will be ahead of the game this way.'

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "this is a new age, the age of shuttling socialism. Ask Dean Donaldson up at Yale. He's a man who has seen the future, Hennessy, and it pays."

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 485)

candidate—that Catholics could vote for a third party candidate.) Hernan Larrain never intended the magazine to be anti-capitalist. He and many others (I myself included) felt that Allende represented a valid cause, that he won fairly and should have been removed by the same constitutional process which elected him. Many Christian Democrats today—enjoying hindsight—regret that the party did not give Allende more support. Not all Christian Democrats were for the coup (e.g., Radomiro Tomic who lost to Allende).

(3) Cardinal Raul Silva disagreed with the "Christians for Socialism" and with the policies of *Mensaje* under Allende's rule, but one cannot be blind to the pressures he faced from the Vatican, which would have preferred either a Conservative Catholic (Alessandri) or a Christian Democratic nominee (Tomic). When the fuller revelations of the period come to light, I think Cardinal Silva will emerge as an astute leader, highly progressive and interested in the Church, Chile and the people of Latin America. Cardinal Silva qualified his letter to the military junta when they took over—saying he

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hoped none of the achievements of previous regimes would be rolled back. The junta did not like this, since all other letters were enthusiastic in their support of the coup.

As an admirer of Gary MacEoin in his journalistic efforts in the cause of liberation (also dear to me), I feel other facts and facets of Chilean Church history should be revealed to position the work of Cardinal Silva, Maryknoller Miguel d'Escoto, and Jesuits Roger Vekemans and Gonzalo Arroyo—all great men of the Latin American church with their honorable ideological differences. As a priest specialist in communications, I try to build bridges and think many must be erected among groups which do want to move away from the terrifying repressive scenarios around the world. As an effort toward understanding the period discussed in Gary MacEoin's article, I wrote an article, "The Rise and Fall of Salvador Allende," just published in the June issue of *Thought*, the Fordham University Quarterly.

Wishing Gary MacEoin and *Commonweal* every blessing in their valuable journalistic efforts, I remain an ever grateful reader.

(REV.) NEIL P. HURLEY, S.J.

Princeton, N.J.

To the Editors: It would seem that Gary MacEoin's principal criticism of "Chile's Silent Church" (July 18) is that it has not committed itself publicly to "The dialectical interpretation of events which underlay the stand of Christians for Socialism"—i.e., Marxism. In April 1972, Cardinal Silva rightly rejected such a policy when he explained his non-attendance at the Christians for Socialism meeting as due to its character as "a political meeting aimed at invoking the Church in the struggle for Marxism and Marxist revolution in Latin America."

In fact, Cardinal Silva has been a much better "reader of the signs of the times" than MacEoin indicates. Through conservative, reformist, revolutionary, and reactionary regimes he has consistently spoken out for, and represented in action, basic moral and religious values without committing himself or the Church to any one of the contending ideological solutions to Chile's problems. Recent examples include the cardinal's continued support for the ecumenical Peace Committee's work for refugees and political prisoners (his earlier reference to the termination of its work was based on the unfulfilled hope that the human rights situation would improve), as well as repeated episcopal statements condemning the violation of human rights, calling for a return to constitutional government, and criticizing the military's control of education.

MacEoin also criticizes the Frei Christian Democratic government (1964-70) because it was based on a coalition which "lacked a consistent ideology"—and there is no doubt as to which ideology he means—but he fails to discuss its substantial accomplishments. Frei's *non-coalition* government achieved national control of the copper industry, a strong agrarian reform law, unionization and a minimum wage for agricultural workers, expansion of education and housing, and a balance of payments surplus of $343 million in 1970. The *coalition* of parties in Allende's Popular Unity government nationalized, often by measures of questionable legality, over 500 companies and 36 percent of Chile's farmland—while virtually destroying the Chilean economy, polarizing its populace, and, because of the public commitment to violence of its more extreme members, helping to bring on the 1973 coup and its brutal aftermath.

History will judge who did more for "the poor and their liberation"—Chile's not-so-silent Church, the Christian Democratic "bourgeois ideology" based on "a set of abstract, a-historical ethical values such as democracy" and "a repudiation of violence," or those like MacEoin who claim to possess an "objective and scientific analysis" based on "the political praxis of the workers and their avant-garde."

PAUL E. SIGMUND

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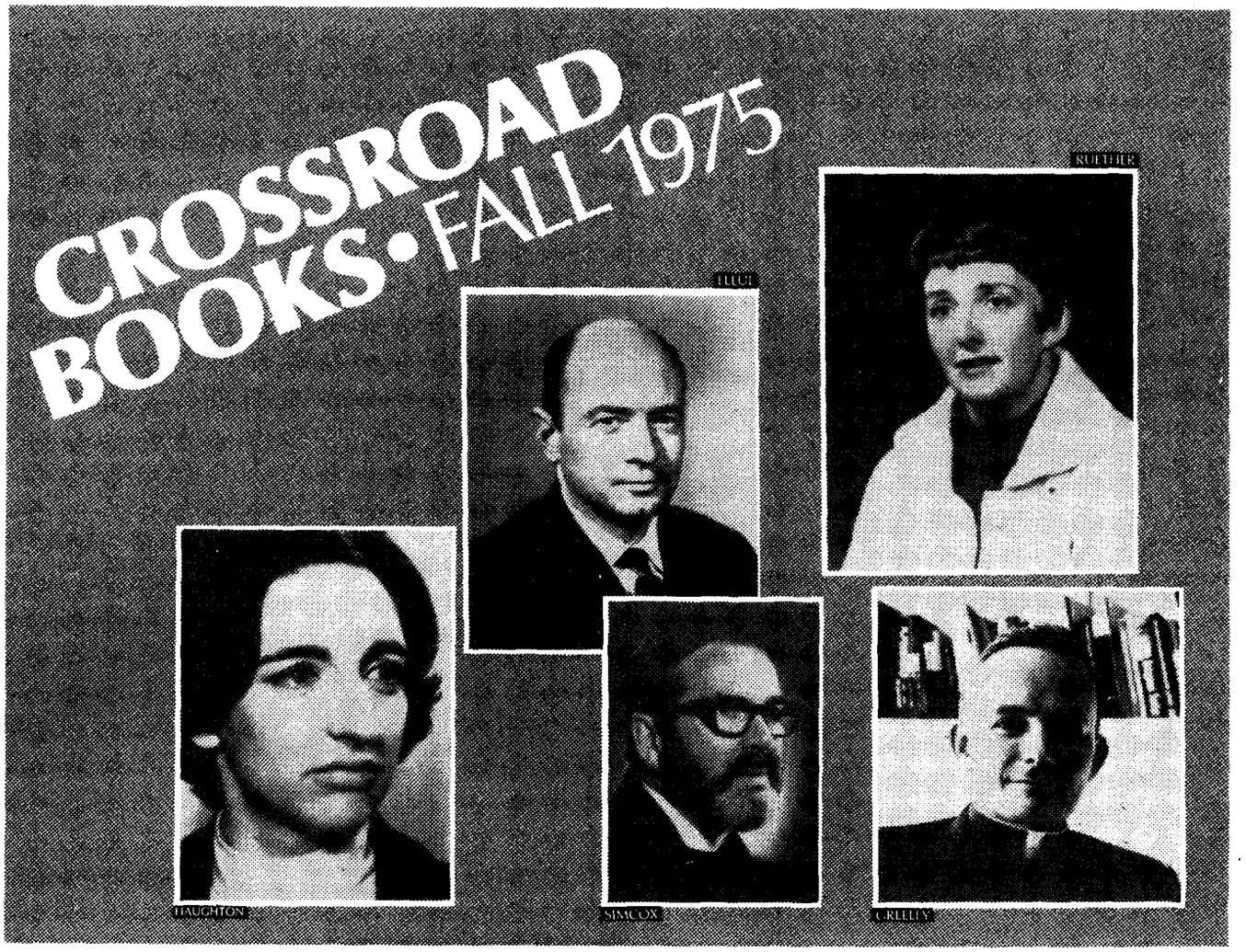

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